

WILD WEST



A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Application made for Second-Class Entry at N. Y. Post-Office.

No. 12.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE TENDERFOOT; OR, A NEW-YORKER IN THE WEST. By AN OLD SCOUT.



The black steed was certainly doing its level best, when the sorrel forged alongside of him, and then Wild's right hand grabbed Dandy Don by the collar of his coat and whisked him from the saddle!

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

SPORTING.

No. 21. **HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. **HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.**—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. **HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 81. **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.**—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. **NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. **HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. **HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. **HOW TO FENCE.**—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations.

No. 72. **HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. **HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. **HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. **HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. **HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. **HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.**—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. **HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.**—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. **HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.**—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. **HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. **HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. **HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. **HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.**—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. **HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.**—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old.

No. 12. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.**—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and any body you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Application made for Second Class entry at the New York, N. Y., Post Office. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1903, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 12.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

Young Wild West and the Tenderfoot;

OR,

A NEW YORKER IN THE WEST.

By AN OLD SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.

THE TENDERFOOT ARRIVES.

The stage coach that was due at 11:30 a. m. at Weston came in nearly half an hour late.

It was not an uncommon thing for the outfit to be held up by road agents and roving bands of Sioux Indians, and it was the opinion of old Sam Murdock, the postmaster, and a great many others that such a thing had happened again.

But when they saw the stage coach come rattling and bumping along with driver Shep Morey handling the ribbons in the regular way, they nodded to each other and were almost ready to swear that they had felt certain right along that nothing had happened to the outfit.

Among those standing in front of the post office waiting for the mail was Young Wild West.

The young scout looked a little surprised when the driver called him the instant he brought the four horses to a standstill.

"What's the trouble, Shep?" he asked.

"There's a tenderfoot an' a bad man inside," Shep answered. "They've been havin' trouble all ther way from Spondulicks, an' believe they made an arrangement to fight it out as soon as they got here. The tenderfoot says he hails from New York, an' after sizin' him up, I think he's too

nice a chap to be shot down by ther bad man, who calls himself Demon-Drive Dick."

"All right, Shep, I'll see to it that the New Yorker has fair play," and with that Young Wild West walked around to the side of the coach where the passengers were getting out.

There were only four of them, and the two first to get out were bearded, rough looking men, who had evidently spent their last dollar in order to get to the Black Hills and better their fortunes.

The next to alight was a good-looking, well-built young man, of something less than twenty-five.

He wore a neat fitting brown sack suit and a derby of the same color, and his shoes looked as though they had been shined within a day or two.

The expression on his face was one of anger and determination, and stepping back a couple of paces he waited in front of the door for the other passenger to get out.

The next moment the bad man the driver had spoken of appeared.

He was a big, hulking fellow, dressed after the regular style of a cowboy, and the lower part of his face was completely obscured by a fierce reddish brown moustache and chin whiskers.

Somewhere the man had got hold of a number of medals, and these were pinned on his shirt front in gorgeous array

"Well, you blamed tenderfoot!" he exclaimed, facing the young man, "you said if I spit on your shoes ag'in you'd show me somethin'. Now, I'm goin' to do it, so you may as well tell these people how you want to be buried!"

"See here, Mr. Demon-Drive Dick, as you call yourself, I don't want any muss with you," was the rather calm reply. "When I first got in the stage over in Spodulicks, you tried to pick a muss with me by calling me a tenderfoot and poking all manner of fun at me. When I did not notice the taunts you made at me, you had sense enough to stop for a while. But it did not last very long, for you soon began to try and rub the blacking off my shoes with your boot soles. Then, when I moved my feet as far from you as possible, you tried to spit tobacco juice on my shoes."

"That's exactly what I did, young feller. An' you showed what a blamed fool you was by gettin' mad. You said if I wanted to spit on your shoes, for me to wait till we got out of ther wagon, an' then if I done it you'd smash me in the jaw."

"That's just what I said, and you would have shot me right then and there if it had not been for the other two passengers, who told you that you had better not."

"See here, you sizzlin' tenderfoot! You've said about enough, you have. I'm a bad man from Texas, an' my name is Demon-Drive Dick. Look out fer yerself now, for ther fun are about to start!"

Then the bad man let fly a mouthful of tobacco juice, which struck one of the polished shoes the young man wore.

There was not an ounce of cowardly blood in the tenderfoot's veins, it seemed, for he sprang forward and dealt Demon-Drive Dick a smashing blow between the eyes, which caused him to stagger back against the stage coach.

"That's the way we do it in New York," cried the young fellow, and with that he caught the man's neck under his left arm and began pummeling his face unmercifully.

A murmur of admiration went up from the crowd.

There was scarcely a man there who did not sympathize with the New Yorker, but the most of them thought his triumph would be short-lived.

They expected to see the bad man begin to pour lead into him in a very short time.

And that is just what Demon-Drive Dick meant to do, for he wriggled himself free, and darting under the wagon, came out on the other side, his eyes blazing with fury and his revolver in his hand.

He raised the weapon to end the life of the tenderfoot then and there, but before he could fire Young Wild West leaped forward and knocked his arm upward.

Crack!

The bullet went in the air and sped on its way in harmless flight.

"Fair paly, Mr. Demon-Drive Dick!" exclaimed the handsome boy, as coolly as though he was simply enjoying a chat with the man. "That young man is not used to the ways of these parts, and after taking a whole lot of insults from you, he knocked you down with his fists. If you want to fight with him, why don't you go at him with your hands? You are big enough to eat him, let alone thrash him!"

Young Wild West still had hold of the man's wrist, just as he had caught it when he threw his arm up.

His eyes were fixed on those of the big cowboy in a way that showed he was in earnest, and the enraged fellow did not make a move or say a word for the space of several seconds.

Then he blurted out:

"Who in blazes are you, young feller?"

"That makes no difference to you who I am. I say there is going to be fair play here, and there is."

"An' I'll bet a thousand on it," said Landlord Brown of the Gazoo Hotel, who was one of the crowd. "There is goin' to be fair play, an' there ain't a soul of us what is goin' to interfere. Young Wild West will attend to it. Ther tenderfoot is a good one, an' reckon he kin do you, you big ugly lookin' coward!"

Demon-Drive Dick did not make any reply to this fling at him.

His anger was increasing, if anything, and suddenly he made an effort to throw Wild West aside.

But it was only an effort, for the young scout simply gave his wrist a twist and bent it over his back with a lightning like motion, and the bad man dropped upon his knees with a howl of pain.

The next thing he saw was the muzzle of a revolver within a few inches of his nose.

"Off with your belt now," was the command from Young Wild West. "You have got to fight the New Yorker the way they do it in his town. If a man spits on another out here he generally gets shot, unless he is awful quick; but in the east it is different. He gets knocked down by a fist blow there. Ah, that is it! Get that belt off, so you won't have a knife or shooter to fall back on if you get the worst of it."

Demon-Drive Dick had come to the conclusion that he had better do as Young Wild West told him.

He had heard of the young Prince of the Saddle and

deadshot before, but this was the first time he had ever seen him.

He was getting cooler all the time, too, and when he handed the belt containing his weapons to Wild, he acted as though he thought he could easily whip the tenderfoot with his hands.

"I'll fight him any way that suits ther crowd," he said. "An' after I've whipped him, to show that I ain't no bluffer, I'll stand off at ten paces with any one in this blamed town an' see who's who with a sixshooter!"

This challenge had the effect of making the men in the crowd open their eyes.

They had taken the bad man for a coward, but that did not look as though he was.

"We will have the fist fight first," said Young Wild West. "After that is over, if you insist on shooting, I will guarantee to find some one who will accommodate you."

"Good enough," and Demon-Drive Dick acted as though he was really delighted.

The crowd had increased, until now there were fully a hundred men and boys there.

It had spread about like a flash that there was going to be a fist fight, and as fist fights were not very common in Weston, every one wanted to see it.

An open circle was quickly made, and then Wild told the two they could go at it as soon as they liked.

The young man who hailed from New York wore a confident smile, and did not wait for any further invitation to let himself go.

He sailed right in and fetched his big opponent a heavy smash on the chin which jarred him to the heels of his boots.

Then he gave him two more in rapid succession in the same place, while Demon-Drive Dick's arms were beating in the air after the fashion of a windmill.

The bad man staggered back a few steps, and then recovering his equilibrium, he made a rush at the tenderfoot.

But though powerful and strong, he was not quick enough to catch his agile opponent.

The result was that he missed him by at least two feet, and then he received a right hand swing on the ear which sent him sprawling upon the ground face down.

But Demon-Drive Dick was not satisfied yet!

He was more determined than ever to get hold of the New Yorker and crush the breath out of him by brute force.

Probably he could have done this if he could have once managed to get him in his grasp.

But the young man seemed to know this, and he saw to it that he did not get caught.

There was plenty of room, and all he had to do was to dodge and hit whenever he got the opportunity.

The next time the cowboy came for him with head down like a mad bull.

As before, the tenderfoot sidestepped, and then his right fist shot upward with terrific force.

The blow caught the bad man on the side of the jaw and he rolled over like a stricken ox.

It was fully a half minute before he came to, and then he was so dazed that he meekly allowed himself to be led to a bench in front of the post office by a couple of the miners.

"Give me a drink of whiskey," he gasped.

Some one was kind enough to go over to the Gazoo and oblige him, and after he had swallowed the fiery stuff, Demon-Drive Dick looked around him as though he were trying to get his bearings.

"I got licked, I guess," he said, after a pause. "Well, all right. I'll try him some other time. Where's my belt?"

Young Wild West stepped over and handed it to him.

The bad man took it and buckled it about him without a word.

Then he got up and walked over to the Gazoo, most of the crowd following him.

The fighting was all over, and the crowd knew it.

"I am very much obliged to you," said the young man from New York, walking up to Wild and putting out his hand. "You certainly saved my life, for it is almost certain that the big coward would have shot me. I have a revolver in my pocket, but I did not want to draw it, for fear that others would take a hand in it."

"I was bound that you would have fair play," replied the young scout, as he shook hands with him. "If he had not given in when I interfered I would have ended his career in very short order. That is the way we do business out here. There are lots of so-called bad men, like him, to be found in the west, and in some places they run things pretty much as they want to. But out here in Weston they don't, because we won't allow them to. The driver tells me that you hail from New York?"

"Yes, New York city is my birthplace, and where I have always lived. I left three weeks ago to come out to the Black Hills and make my fortune. My name is Rex Moore."

"Well, mine is Young Wild West. I rather think we shall be friends. I will probably give you a lift in your

effort to make a fortune out here in the hills. Here come four of my partners; I want to introduce them to you."

The four who were making their way towards Young Wild West and the tenderfoot were Jim Dart, Cheyenne Charlie, Jack Robedee and Dove-Eye Dave.

Wild introduced them to Rex Moore, and all shook hands with him in the bluff, hearty way so common to the west.

"Young Wild just saved me from being riddled with bullets," said the young New Yorker. "I will never forget him for that!"

"Young Wild West is ther whitest boy that ever straddled a horse!" cried Dove-Eye Dave, waving his hat to emphasize his words; "an' if ther one that says he ain't kin have me for a target!"

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW YORKER DECIDES TO BECOME A REGULAR WESTERNER.

Rex Moore was overjoyed at the way things had turned out.

The truth of the matter was that he had expected to be shot.

He had read considerable of life in the west, and realized when Demon-Drive Dick had first begun to insult him that he was in for it.

He held his temper as long as he could, and when he did let go he made up his mind that it was a case of do or die.

But now, if he was any judge, he had gained the friendship of the most popular person in all Weston—Young Wild West.

"I haven't much money," he said, when the conversation waned a little. "It cost more than I thought it would to get out here. I wish you would kindly direct me to the cheapest hotel, and then give me an idea of how I must go to work to get a claim to work."

"I tell you what you can do," Wild answered. "Come over and take dinner with Jim, Jack and I. We run a regular bachelor establishment. We have a first class Chinese cook, so you need not be afraid that our meals won't be all right."

"I am ever so much obliged to you for the invitation, but I don't want to shove myself on your hospitality. I would rather——"

"You will come right along with us," Jim Dart interrupted. "We expect to pay a visit to the great city of New York some day, so I make a move that you stop with us for a while, just so we can hear all about New York."

"I second that motion!" exclaimed Jack Robedee.

"All right, then," laughed Wild. "I'll vote on it and say ay! Come on, Rex Moore, Tenderfoot from New York. It's all settled."

"Well, I never expected to be treated like this," and young Moore went along with them to their house, that was just in the rear of the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Co.

Wing Wah, the Chinese cook, always made it a point to have plenty of food on meal times, as he never knew just how many Young Wild West would bring with him to eat.

And so it was on this occasion.

Rex Moore sat down to the best meal he had eaten since he left Chicago.

After dinner they all went down to the office, and the New Yorker was introduced to Walter Jenkins, the foreman of the mines owned by the company.

He, too, had been a sort of tenderfoot, and he welcomed Rex Moore in a hearty manner.

"You certainly have struck some of the best people on earth," he said. "There is only one thing I don't admire about Young Wild West and the rest of them, and that is, that they are always running into danger, when there is no need of it. Jim, Charlie and Jack would follow Wild anywhere, and he is just as liable to lead them out on the prairie to tackle a band of a hundred Indians, as he would to take them down to make a raid on some one-horse gambling den. Young Wild West has one great thing to learn yet."

"And what is that?" asked the tenderfoot, who was very much interested.

"What the word fear means!"

"See here," said Wild, who overheard the last part of the conversation, "what are you giving our friend from the east?"

"He has not told me anything I did not already know," spoke up Moore. "I could see what you were made out of when you tackled the bad man and saved my life. I should very much like to learn to shoot and ride like you fellows, and then I could go out on some of your dangerous rackets with you."

"We will teach you. But the next thing on hand is to put you in the way of making some money. What did you work at in New York?"

"A bookkeeper," and Rex Moore blushed as though he was ashamed to say it.

"Good!" exclaimed Jim Dart, jumping to his feet. "I must say that our business has grown so much of late that I can no longer keep the books with my limited knowledge

of bookkeeping. Suppose you take my place for a while? I guess the company can afford to pay you fifty dollars a week to keep things straight."

"Do you mean that?"

"Certainly he does," put in Wild. "Jim is like myself, he never says anything he does not mean, unless it be in a joke, and everybody understands it that way. We will pay you fifty dollars a week for a starter, and you can buy a piece of land from us on the instalment plan, if you want to; or you can go out a little farther and stake out a claim of your own. If you do buy of us, we won't take a cent from you till the money you have paid us has been taken from the soil. There is plenty of gold out here, and all you have to do is to dig for it. Sometimes a fellow strikes it big right on the start, and then, again, he might work a whole month and not make enough to pay for his ammunition that he shoots his meat with. But this is a rich yielding spot around here, and I rather think if you were to put in a couple of hours each day you would make a little money."

"Well, I'll accept the position of bookkeeper for you, anyway; and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for it."

"Don't mention it; you can start right into work now, if you want to."

Moore was only too glad to do so.

He began to feel that his hopes of getting rich in the west would be realized, after all.

The tenderfoot proved himself to be an expert bookkeeper, too, and Jim Dart was delighted.

He would not be confined so close to the office now.

When closing time came, Cheyenne Charlie offered to give Moore a lesson in riding and shooting, and the young man said he was glad of the opportunity and promptly expressed his willingness.

Young Wild West was the owner of any number of riding suits such as were worn in the west, and when he offered to let the tenderfoot have one of them he was delighted.

"Just the thing!" he exclaimed. "Then I will look like a westerner, if I am not one."

Our hero went to the house with him, and when they came back about ten minutes later there was a big change in Rex Moore's appearance.

He was about Wild's size, and the suit he had donned could not fit him any better if it had been made for him.

Cheyenne Charlie had brought his horse over, and as the animal was a real gentle one, everything was in favor of the New Yorker.

The first thing Charlie did was to mount and ride up and down himself.

Then he told Rex to do it in the same way, if he could.

As the young man had never been in the saddle before, he was, of course, rather awkward at first, but our friends did not laugh at him, which was encouraging to him more than anything else.

After he had made three or four attempts with more or less success, he turned to Wild and said:

"I have got an idea that I could do better, if I had some one to ride along with me to give me a few points as to the proper poise, and so forth. Mr. West, I think you would be just the one."

"All right; I'll accommodate you, then; but please don't mister me any more. I like my friends to call me by my name, which is Wild. I'll get my horse right away, and show you all I can."

As our hero said this, he turned and saw Ike, the colored fellow, who did the outside work around the house, and promptly told him to go and get Spitfire, his horse.

When the handsome steed was brought out the man had all he could do to hold him, but a word from Wild and he calmed down instantly.

He knew his master, and he was the only one he would obey readily.

Wild arranged the girths to suit him and then mounted.

Rex Moore watched his every move, and then tried to imitate him in getting into the saddle.

He did it remarkably well this time, and Charlie and the rest applauded him.

Then Wild West set out on a gallop up the canyon aways and back.

The tenderfoot came right after him, riding better every second, it seemed.

As soon as Cheyenne Charlie thought he had learned to ride well enough to do a little shooting from the saddle, he set up a white stone on the stump of a tree and called for him and Wild to halt.

"Wild," said the scout, "show him what you can do with the revolver while riding at full speed. Now, then, Moore, do as Wild does, or try to, I should say."

"All right," was the reply. "I'll do my best."

Young Wild West started on a full gallop, taking a large circle. When he came around to the stone he fired two shots, one of them hitting it and knocking it off the stump.

Cheyenne Charlie quickly ran out and placed it back again for the New Yorker, who was coming at full speed, his revolver in his hand, ready to fire.

He fired once and missed it.

Then Wild came around again and hit it twice.

Moore missed again, but he did not grow discouraged.

"I'll learn after a while," he shouted to Charlie.

When Wild emptied both his revolvers he came to a stop.

He had hit the stone nine times out of twelve.

Moore had five shots to fire before his twelve would be gone, and as yet he had not hit the mark once, though he grazed the stump twice.

He kept on riding around, and at the last shot he struck the stone and caused it to roll off, the same as Wild had done on the start.

"Hurrah!" cried Moore. "I may be a tenderfoot, but I'm learning how to shoot."

"And ride, too," said Wild. "You are doing nobly."

It was about supper time, so they gave it up for the day.

"Since you have been kind enough to give me this riding suit, the next thing I want is a horse, and I'm going to have a good one as soon as I can get the money together."

"You go and have a talk with Dove-Eye Dave—the tall man you were introduced to to-day. He has two or three extra horses, and if you tell him that you are working for the company, and that I sent you to him, he will probably give you a bargain for a very little cash down. If you want a horse, I can't advise you any better than to do this."

"Well, I do want a horse, and I'll do just as you say. I never knew I wanted a horse until now, and I want one badly."

"You have got ther fever," laughed Jack Robedee.

"Yes, if you stick to us, we will make a regular westerner of you," added Cheyenne Charlie.

"Thank you. Nothing would suit me any better."

Rex Moore was going to take off the riding suit that fitted him so well before sitting down to supper, but Wild told him to keep it on.

"We will take a walk around town by and by, so keep it on," said he. "Let those who saw you whip Demon-Drive Dick to-day know that you have decided to try and be a westerner. Don't let any of them bluff you, either. If any of the men get reckless and try to scare you by drawing a gun on you, try to get yours out first. If you think a man really means to shoot you just shoot him first! That is the way we have to do it out here."

"All right, I will do just as you say, Wild," was the reply. "My confidence is placed in you, and what you say I'll do, even if I think it is wrong."

It was just about dusk, when Wild, Jim, Jack and Rex Moore left the house and started to take a turn about town.

The place had been growing wonderfully of late, and

there was a brand new hotel that our friends had not visited yet.

The place had opened a couple of nights before, but Wild had heard very little concerning it, beyond the fact that the proprietor was a very ugly looking man called Bowery Bill, and he boasted of having served a sentence of six years in Sing Sing prison, New York State.

Our hero was satisfied that he was one of the kind who could really be called "bad," and that was why he wanted to take the tenderfoot to the new place.

Whatever the man might have been, he had pretty good taste in the matter of a building, for his hotel had been built on a larger and better scale than any building in Weston.

It had been in course of construction some little time, but Bowery Bill had not come in town until it was completed and stocked.

Then he came and took formal charge of it.

The bar was pretty well packed when our friends walked in, and almost the first man they took notice of was Demon-Drive Dick.

The bad man, as he choose to call himself, had been drinking heavily, and seemed to be in a mood for almost anything.

"Hello, Young Wild West!" he called out, as his eyes lighted on our hero. "Come up an' drink with me."

"Much obliged," answered Wild, "but I never take whiskey."

"Well, take what you want, then."

"Very well, I'll have a cigar with you."

"Give him the best in the house, landlord," cried the drunken cowboy. "They say he's the king-pin of Weston, so nothin' is too good for him!"

"That's right," answered the man behind the bar, who was no other than Bowery Bill, the proprietor. "Young Wild West, I'm real glad to meet you. I've heard a whole lot said about you since I've been in your town, an' I have been waitin' to get acquainted with you."

Wild shook hands with the man, as a matter of course, but he took a strong dislike to him right then and there.

Bowery Bill had one glass eye, and there were two or three scars on his face and neck which gave him anything but a pleasing appearance.

But that was not what made Wild take a dislike to him particularly; it was his manner and his voice.

The young scout was enough a student of human nature to know that the man's manner was affected, and that he did not mean a word of what he was saying.

"From what he has heard of me he does not like me, I

guess," thought Wild. "And if that is the case, he has come here for the purpose of doing something else besides running an honest business. Well, let him show his hand as soon as he has a mind to. He will find me ready for him."

CHAPTER III:

DANDY DON COMES TO TOWN.

The new hotel was called "The Ram's Horn," a name that was very suggestive.

If "crooked" business was to be done there, the name was a proper one, and if it was to be run on a "straight" plan, what was the difference? There was nothing in a name, anyway.

But Young Wild West could not get it out of his head but that the place was to be one of the bad ones of that section of country.

But as long as Bowery Bill treated him and his friends all right he was not going to bother his head about the place, unless there got to be complaints about it.

Wild took his cigar with Demon-Drive Dick, and then, according to his usual custom, he treated everybody in the place.

It cost the boy a whole lot of money when he made the rounds of the hustling little mining town, but he was making lots of it, and so he did not care.

The bad man did not recognize Rex Moore at first, because he wore a suit common to that section, but when he did see him he began to show signs of getting ugly.

The thrashing he had received that noon had been very humiliating to him, and it was plain that he hated the tenderfoot for it.

"Hello, you New Yorker!" he cried. "What are you tryin' to do—disguise yourself?"

"No," replied Moore, quietly. "I am saving my other clothes to wear when I go back east."

"Well, I don't think you will ever need 'em, then. The chances are that you'll die right in these diggin's with your boots on."

"If I do, I hardly think you will be responsible for it!" answered the New Yorker, much to Wild's satisfaction.

"What do yer mean by that, you measly tenderfoot!" roared Demon-Drive Dick, slapping his hand on his revolver.

"Just what I said, you big hulking coward!" and a revolver was in the tenderfoot's hand instantly, the muzzle being leveled at the bad man's breast.

The crowd in the barroom drew back on both sides with amazing quickness.

Both men were almost total strangers to those present, and they expected to see the preliminaries to a funeral.

Moore did not flinch, but kept his eyes on those of the cowboy.

If the fellow made the least move to raise his revolver he was going to shoot.

The words of Young Wild West were in his mind just then and he was going to act strictly on the advice given him.

But Demon-Drive Dick did not attempt to pull the weapon from the holster.

He had sense enough to realize that the glitter in the New Yorker's eye was a dangerous one.

"Guess you have been takin' some lessons, Mr. Tenderfoot," he said, with an affected laugh. "Who's been learnin' yer—Young Wild West?"

"That's just the man. You hit the nail right on the head, Mr. Demon-Drive Dick. Now take your hand away from your revolver, and if it gets there again while I am looking at you, you will be the one to die with your boots on, and not me!"

"Well, well!" and the bad man turned and walked over to the men he had been making himself friendly with, as though the whole thing was a big joke.

But if he tried to make it out a joke no one else thought so.

Wild was just about to propose that they go on to the next place when the clatter of horses' hoofs came to their ears, and the next moment a clean-limbed black horse came in through the door of the barroom and did not halt until the bar was reached.

In the saddle was a dark, sinister man of thirty-five, handsome and graceful.

He was attired in a handsome riding costume of velvet, and the expensive sombrero that adorned his head was of a light brown, with gold braid around it.

A huge diamond pin sparkled in the front of his richly embroidered silk shirt, and the butts of the revolvers and the hilt of a hunting knife that could be seen protruding above the fancy leather belt was of ivory with gold mountings.

The horse was pawing the floor of the barroom nervously when the rider spoke.

"Gentlemen," said he, in an easy-going voice that was a trifle musical, "I am glad to meet you all! I am Dandy Don of Deadwood, and I have come all the way to Weston to see my old pard, Bowery Bill. Hello, Bill! How are

you, old pard?" and he put out his hand and gave the hotel proprietor a hearty shake.

"First rate, Don! First rate!" was the reply, as Bowery Bill returned the grip, and there was no doubt in Wild's mind that he was in earnest when he said it.

"Got a fine place, here, Bill. Give everybody a drink," and then he forced his horse back in a playful manner and made him dance about in the center of the room.

"The floor will hold him all right," said Bowery Bill with a laugh. "I knowed you would be comin' some time, so I had it made good an' strong. I know when you come in to get a drink you generally ride right in."

"That's right. I've never been stopped from doing it yet," said Dandy Don, and then he looked around at the crowd to see what sort of an impression he was making.

There were those who seemed to be awed by his presence, and there were others who were simply amused at his bragadocia and dandified airs.

But one thing was certain. The man did present a fine appearance.

The horse he rode was a magnificent beast, too, and the gaudy trappings and the rider's fancy costume made a picture that was bound to attract the attention of any one but a blind man.

Our four friends stood back among the crowd, looking on with the rest, and when all hands stepped up to drink with Dandy Don they came up, too.

Bowery Bill did not put whiskey out to Wild; he simply handed him a cigar, which showed that he had been pretty well posted about the young deadshot's way of doing things when a man tried to force whiskey upon him.

Dandy Don was about to raise his glass to his lips when his horse gave a whinny.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I came near forgetting myself. Sultan wants his drink. A pail of water, Bill, and see that it is a clean pail. And when you get it put it right on the bar. I've got the best horse in all creation, and nothing is too good for him."

The landlord's helper soon had the water, and when it was set on the bar before the horse, Dandy Don raised his glass again.

"Here's happy days, boys!"

When every one had imbibed, the dandy horseman dismounted.

"Your hostler, Bill," he said. "I've come over to stay with you a few days."

"I'm real glad of that, Don. You'll find that I've got the best accommodations in this town."

"So I imagined when I rode in. Now, then, I would like

to go to my room at once. I want to make a change in my costume, and then buck the tiger a bit before I turn in."

As soon as the hostler had taken charge of the horse, Bowery Bill came from behind the bar and led the dandy rider to another part of the house.

"Here's a nice room, Don," he said, leading the way up a flight of stairs. "Didn't any one else come with you?"

"Yes, Faro Fan, my Chinese servant and my expected bride. They are waiting for the biggest part of the population to go to bed before they come in town. The girl objects to marrying me, you know, and she does not want to stay in our company, even."

"Whew! Where did you git ther gal, Don?"

"In Deadwood. I thought this would be as safe a place as any to bring her, though I must say that it is a bigger town than I thought. You have got a minister here, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've heard say there is one. But you want to go careful in this business, Don. Ther boss of ther town is only a boy, but they say he's a terror ag'in anything that's bad."

"What! The boss of the town a boy! You are joking, Bowery Bill."

"No, I ain't jokin'. I've heard enough about him from fellers I kin trust to know that he's about as tough a customer as one would want buck up against. To-night is the first I seen him, an' when I had looked him over carefully I made up my mind that he was pretty dangerous."

"What name does this boy go by, Bill?"

"Young Wild West."

"Oh! Seems to me that I've heard of him over in Deadwood. You say he is only a boy. How did he become to be the boss of the town?"

"By his nerve an' his straight shootin', I've heerd say," replied Bowery Bill, acting as though he was trying hard to impress his guest with what he was saying.

"Well, I'd just like to have a look at the boy that is the boss of this town," and Dandy Don nodded as though he would make short work of him, in case it became necessary.

"Why he were in ther barroom when you rode in on ther back of Sultan."

"Bill, you don't mean to tell me that!"

"Yes, I do. While I am at it, I might as well tell you that I done somethin' to try an' keep the pair of you from comin' together. You see, this Young Wild West is a strict temperance feller. He never drinks whiskey, but he is willin' to pay for it for any one else to drink. He's laid a few men low who have tried to make him drink at ther p'int of ther revolver. I knowed that if you had seen

him take a cigar that cost a half dollar you would have asked him why he didn't drink; so I simply did not put ther whiskey to him. I knowed what he wanted, so I just give him ther cigar."

"Bowery Bill, you are a fool! As if you think I would be afraid of this Young Wild West, or any one else!"

"I didn't once think you were afraid of him," replied the hotel keeper, apologetically. "But I did think that if you knowed Young Wild West wouldn't take a drink of whiskey with you, there would have been trouble, an' from what I have heerd of him, you'd have got downed."

Dandy Don broke out into a laugh.

"Bowery," said he, "you ought to know that I have stacked up against the best of them, and never got downed. You know who it was that calmed Wild Bill Hickox, an' you know how I took the starch out of Bill Cody a couple of years ago. Buffalo meant to do me that day, but I showed him that I could draw quicker than he. I only spared him, Bill, because I knew if he went under I would be a marked man. And now you think I would get the worst of it if I tackled this boy you call Young Wild West."

"I think you would be worse than a marked man, if you did, Dandy Don. I think you would be a dead man!"

"Well, we will have a chance to see how near you are right," and again the handsome rider laughed.

CHAPTER IV.

"A GAME OF SHOOT ON SIGHT!"

Young Wild West and his friends did not remain in the barroom of the Ram's Horn very long after Dandy Don had been conducted to a room by the proprietor.

There were other things to show the tenderfoot, and Wild wanted him to see all there was going on in town.

There were now four places that went by the name of hotels in Weston, and the best of them was certainly Brown's Gazoo.

Two were regular gambling houses, each having a shady reputation, but it remained to be seen what sort of a place the new one would be.

Wild concluded to take Rex over to the Gazoo first and introduce him to Brown.

There were not very many in there, the new place having drawn the crowds that night.

Brown was always glad to see Young Wild West come in the place.

As soon as he saw him now he came from behind the bar and shook hands with him.

Then he shook hands with Jim and Jack, too, after which Rex Moore was introduced.

"I know about you," said Brown. "You are the tenderfoot who licked ther big cowboy, who took so much pains to tell us he was such a bad man. That was ther best fight I've seen in many a day, an' it makes me laugh when I think about it. You had better look out for that fellow, though, for he will be bound to pick a muss with you and drop you with a bullet."

"He tried that only a quarter of an hour ago, and got badly fooled," replied the New Yorker.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that is right," spoke up Jim Dart. "We have just been in the new hotel, and we left Mr. Demon-Drive Dick there when we came out. He was pretty well cowed down, too, for our tenderfoot friend here certainly showed that he was quick enough to get the drop on him to-night. He wilted like a tender blade of grass taking its first dose of sunshine."

"You don't say!" and Brown looked admiringly at Moore.

"You don't look like a tenderfoot now, I must say," he added. "All you want now is a little of the kind of nerve that Young Wild West has got, an' you'll be all right."

"Oh! He is bound to get along all right," spoke up Wild. "We have hired him to work for the company, and he means to stay here in Weston with us. In about a month, I guess, they won't call him a tenderfoot any more."

Dove-Eye Dave came in just at that moment.

The old man liked an occasional drink of whiskey, and he generally came to the Gazoo to get it.

"Here is the man you want to see, Rex," remarked Wild. "Let me have a cigar, Brown, and see what the rest will have."

"Well, here I am. Look at me," the old man answered with a laugh. "Mine is a little red-eye, Brown."

"Yes," resumed Wild. "Our tenderfoot from New York wants to buy a good horse."

"Well, I reckon I am jes' ther man as kin 'commodate him, then. He kin come right over an' look at what I've got for sale right now, if he wants ter."

"To-morrow morning will do, I guess; unless you want to go now, Rex."

"Well, I don't know as it would do any harm for me to go over and look at the horses now," said Moore, who

plainly was anxious to see what kind of horseflesh Dove-Eye had for sale.

"All right. Take a walk over with him. Dove-Eye, if he picks out a horse, let him take it as soon as he wants it, and charge the same to me. I'll pay you, and the New Yorker will pay me at his own convenience."

Moore was about to thank Wild, but he waved him off.

"Go and look at the horses," he observed. "We will wait here till you come back."

The two had not been gone over five minutes when Lively Rick, one of the citizens of Devil Creek, came riding up.

As he dismounted to tie his horse, Wild and Jim stepped out to see who the new arrival was.

"Hello, boys!" exclaimed the miner. "Things got so dull over at ther Creek that I thought I'd take a ride over here. Anything new?"

"Yes," answered Wild. "There is a new hotel here."

"The one that was bein' built when I was over here last, I 's'pose."

"Yes. It really is the finest building we have in town, though I can't say that I think a great deal of the proprietor."

"Is he a stranger?"

"Yes; I never heard of him before."

"What's his name?" asked Lively Rick.

"I believe he calls himself Bowery Bill."

"What! I guess I know him, then. Only got one eye, ain't he?"

"That's right."

"Well, he was over in Deadwood a couple of months ago. He run ther toughest place there, which is sayin' a whole lot. A good many who put up there was never seen after they went to their rooms.

"According to that, my impression of him is all right then," said Young Wild West, turning to Jim. "When I take a dislike to a man it is safe to say that he is not what he ought to be. Come in, Lively, Robedee is inside. You want to ask him if it is true that he is engaged to be married again."

The miner from Devil Creek grinned broadly when he heard this.

He was thinking of how the widow over in his town had jilted Jack.

He went inside and found Robedee watching a game of draw poker that had just been started in the back room.

"Hello, Jack, old pard!" he exclaimed. "How are you gettin' along? I heard over at the Creek yesterday that you was engaged to be married. It ain't a widder ag'in, is it?"

"I guess you never heard anything like that over at Devil Creek," retorted Jack, shaking hands with him. "I suppose Wild and Jim have been telling you a lot of nonsense."

"Well, ain't it so, that you are engaged to be married?"

"What if it is. You kin bet if it is so, I'll get married this time, anyhow," and Robedee spoke as though he was dead sure this time.

"Well, you might, an' then, ag'in you mightn't. S'pose some other feller comes along and steals her away from yer?"

"I ain't the least bit afraid of that happenin'. You are makin' out in that line? You ain't married yet, are you?"

"No. You kin jest bet that I wouldn't get married without invitin' you fellers!"

Lively Rick threw out his chest as much as to say, "You ought to know me better than that."

Wild and the rest laughed, and then our hero stood treat for the four.

"I'd like to take a run over ter the new hotel," said Rick a few minutes later. "I'd jest like to see for sure if it is ther Bowery Bill that I seen in Deadwood."

"We are waiting for a friend—a tenderfoot friend," replied Jim. "He has gone with Dove-Eye Dave to look at a horse, and when he comes back we will go over with you."

A few minutes later Rex Moore and Dove-Eye came back.

The New Yorker was introduced to Lively Rick and took quite a notion to him.

"Well, how did you like the horses Dove-Eye showed you?" asked Wild.

"First rate. I think I will take the bay mare he showed me, though I can tell better in the daylight. They are all good beasts, of that I am sure."

"Yes, any of them would do, Jack, on a pinch, I guess. They are good saddle horses, and that is what you want."

After a little further talk, they left the Gazoo to finish the rounds of the town.

"We want to show Moore the other two places first," said Wild to Rick. "We want to show him how the majority of the miners dispose of the gold dust they dig and sift from the dirt."

"That's right," was the retort. "We'll take in ther new place last."

They spent about half an hour in each place, nothing out of the ordinary happening in either, and then moved over towards the Ram's Horn.

The barroom was still crowded when they walked in, and

when Bowery Bill saw Wild enter just a faint look of uneasiness crossed his face.

At the upper end of the bar, Dandy Don and three or four of the western sports were throwing dice.

The stakes were pretty high, by the looks of the pile of gold on the bar.

"Hello, Bowery Bill!" cried Lively Rick, as soon as he saw the landlord and got a good look at him. "What in blazes are you doin' over this way?"

"How do you do, pardner," and the proprietor put out his hand. "Well, I got tired of Deadwood, an' come over to locate here. How have you been since I seen you last?"

"Fine as a fiddle. Things are awful quiet over at Devil Creek, so I come over to see my old friend, Young Wild West."

As Rick said this, Dandy Don looked up, and almost the first person he saw was Wild.

He very quickly quit the game and moved down to where our friends were standing.

"Excuse me," he said politely. "But I just heard the name of Young Wild West. I have heard considerable of him since I came here to-night, and would like to become acquainted with him."

"All right. I'll introduce you to him!" exclaimed Bowery Bill, before any one else could say a word.

He felt pretty certain that there would be trouble between the two, and he meant to make them friends if he possibly could.

"Young Wild West, this is Dandy Don, an old friend of mine. You'll find him every inch a white man," he said. "And, Dandy Don, you'll find Young Wild West the same, so that ought to make you good friends from the start."

"I never make friends with any one till I know them pretty well," remarked Dandy Don, after he had shaken hands with our hero. "But I must say that I am real pleased to meet Young Wild West, who has made such a reputation here in Weston."

"You are something like me on that point," Wild answered, bound that he would not take a snub without answering it. "I never make friends with any one until I think I know them thoroughly. I can generally tell what a man is, though, after he has spoken half a dozen words to me."

"Is that so, youngster? Perhaps you can tell what sort of a man I am."

As Dandy Don said this he drew himself to his full height and looked rather contemptuously at Wild.

"You are what I would call a good looking, conceited fellow, who sometimes is foolish enough to think that he owns

the whole earth and every one in it!" said Wild, coolly. "You are somewhat on the brag, too, and I am of the opinion that you would rather play a crooked game of draw poker than a square one."

No one expected to hear such a reply as this, not even Jim or Jack, and for the space of a couple of seconds a deathly silence followed.

Dandy Don was plainly very much taken aback.

He had taken little stock in what Bowery Bill had told him about Young Wild West, and he expected to cower him at the start.

But now he fully realized that he had barked the wrong tree.

Not that he was at all afraid of the handsome boy standing before him; to give him his due, the dandified horseman was no coward.

But he could read enough in the expression of the face before him to realize that he had stacked up against the toughest proposition he had ever met.

"Well, sir, are you satisfied with my opinion of you?" Wild asked, bent on seeing the thing through, now that the dashing man, who was so full of braggadocio, had started it.

"See here!" exclaimed Dandy Don, speaking just as coolly as Wild had. "Do you know that if it wasn't for the fact that you are so young I would shoot you for saying that?"

His hand dropped until it fell upon the butt of one of the gold mounted revolvers in his belt as he said this.

"Don't you bother at all about my age, Mr. Dandy Don. You started this thing going, and now I want you to know that I am going to finish it! You just take your hand off that gun of yours, or I'll be compelled to break your wrist with a bullet!"

A hoarse murmur of surprise went up at this.

The handsome stranger had been spending his money freely with the men, and a great many were ready to sympathize with him.

"Don't let any one else attempt to take a hand in this game," Wild resumed, without taking his eyes off the face of his man. "If they do, I will guarantee that there will be a few funerals in Weston to-morrow that have not yet been announced."

Demon-Drive Dick was one of the men who sympathized with Dandy Don.

He had drawn his revolver, but he happened to see that the tenderfoot had him covered, so he wilted in no time.

"Call it quits, gents, an' everybody have a drink with me!" cried Bowery Bill, who was in a fever of excitement,

and expecting every minute to see his friend, Dandy Don, drop with a bullet in him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Dandy Don, still speaking as coolly as he did before. "I'll agree to drop this thing for to-night, if Young Wild West will; and the first time we meet, be it to-morrow, or any other time, it will be a game of shoot on sight. How about it?"

"Agreed!" exclaimed Young Wild West. "I shan't make it my particular business to hunt you up in the morning, Dandy Don, but look out for me, if we should happen to meet each other!"

"The same to you, Young Wild West!"

That settled the difficulty, as far as that night was concerned.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY ONE SHOT!

It was in the neighborhood of twelve o'clock when Young Wild West and his friends got home.

As they were entering the house they saw a figure coming down the mountain road and making for them.

"It's ther Chinees!" exclaimed Jack. "What in blazes is he doin' scoutin' around ther country this time o' night?"

"We will wait and see what he has to say," said Wild.

The next minute Wing Wah came running up, all out of breath.

He had not seen our friends standing in the shadow, and he was evidently very much in a hurry to get in the house.

"What's the matter, Wing?" Wild asked, stepping out in front of him.

"Goodee glacious!" gasped the cook, in great alarm.

"Where have you been?" went on our hero. "Come, I want to know right away."

"Been to see anoler Chinees," was the reply. "He allee samee good flend Wing Wah."

"Where is he?" questioned Jim.

"He go to new hotel, allee samee with two Melican women."

"Two American women!" echoed Wild. "Are you sure?"

"Belly sure! One Melican woman cry an' another allee samee laugh."

They questioned him for about ten minutes, but could get nothing further than this much out of him.

He said he had met the Chinaman in the early part of the evening, and that they had drinks and played fan-tan ever since. He had only seen the women when they started

for the hotel, and did not know who they were, or where they came from.

"The fact of one of the women laughing and the other crying makes it seem rather strange," said Wild, when they had entered the house. "And as they went to the new hotel, it makes it appear as though there was some crooked work going on. We will have to keep an eye on the Ram's Horn and Bowery Bill."

"The one you should keep an eye on is Dandy Don," spoke up Moore. "You must not let him get the drop on you, by any means."

"I don't intend to," was the reply.

"It rather strikes me that he is a dangerous man," the tenderfoot resumed, with a shake of his head. "I hope he won't manage to fire the first shot when you do meet."

"Don't you worry," laughed Wild. "I am more than satisfied he is a dangerous man, too, and the sooner Weston is rid of him the better it will be for all good citizens. I can't say I enjoy the business of shooting scoundrels, and I never have done it yet, unless I have been forced to. This is a case where I either had to shoot Dandy Don to-night, or to-morrow, or some other time. It is not to my liking, I assure you, but it has got to be done."

The New Yorker looked at Young Wild West with a gaze that was naught but admiration.

He could not understand why it was that the young fellow was so confident that it would be him who would do the shooting, and not Dandy Don.

But that was his way, it seemed.

Wild slept as sound as any one in Weston that night.

He got up at his usual time and breakfasted with Jim, Jack and Rex Moore, just as though there was nothing out of the ordinary on his mind.

They had just finished breakfast when Cheyenne Charlie came to the house.

"Well, Wild," said he, "I hear that you have made a contract to pour some hot lead into a dandy from Deadwood. I just saw him riding up the hill over there, so I guess he is ready to take his medicine."

"Is that so?" and Wild got up and buckled on his belt. "Well, that means business, I suppose. I will go out and meet him and have the thing over with."

Five minutes later our hero led his horse out of the stable and mounted.

"I would like to go along with you," said Moore.

"That wouldn't do," was the reply. "Charlie said Dandy Don was alone, didn't you, Charlie?"

"Yes, and he had a very good mount under him—as fine a black as I ever laid eyes on."

"Well, if he is alone, I should be alone. Good-by, boys! It may be that I won't come back, but I rather think I will. Anyhow, to make sure of it, I will bid you good-by."

With a laugh he rode off in the direction Charlie pointed out, leaving the four of them pretty sober looking.

Jim was a little uneasy.

He was pretty positive that Wild had a pretty tough customer to tackle.

But when he came to think of what had taken place in the Ram's Horn the night before, he at once settled himself into an easier frame of mind.

"Pshaw!" he thought. "Wild was altogether too quick for him last night, and I don't see why he won't be this morning. It isn't likely there will be more than one shot fired."

Meanwhile Young Wild West rode on up the hill.

Spitfire wanted to go at full speed, but the boy held him in check.

He reached the brow of the hill and then turned off upon the road that led to Spondulicks.

He kept his horse down to an easy canter.

Presently he reached a bend in the road where it turned sharply to the left, and as he did so, he heard hoof-beats coming from the opposite direction.

Wild nodded to himself significantly, but did not slacken his speed a particle.

Whoever it was coming did not check his speed, either, though it was almost certain that he heard the sounds made by the sorrel's hoofs.

Two seconds later Young Wild West rounded the bend and came face to face with a handsome horseman!

It was the man he expected to meet—Dandy Don.

The hands of both were on their revolvers instantly.

Then both their arms went up, and——"

Crack!

Only one report rang out, and Dandy Don fell back and dropped from the saddle!

Wild had proven himself to be the quickest shot.

The black horse, frightened at being relieved of its rider in such a way, galloped past our hero and went on in the direction of Weston.

Wild did not linger at the spot an instant. He had the man's heart covered when he fired, and he was satisfied that the bullet had found its mark.

He turned Spitfire around and rode along in the wake of the riderless black.

Down in front of the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company four anxious ones were waiting.

Cheyenne Charlie had his gaze turned in the direction he

had last seen the form of the daring young scout he loved next to Anna, his wife.

Charlie's eyes must have been a little sharper than the others, for suddenly he gave a cry and threw his hat in the air.

"There's a black horse comin' down ther hill wit'out a rider!" he said.

"Yes!" exclaimed Jim. "And there comes a sorrel with a rider! Wild has finished his man, as sure as you live."

Tears of joy started to the eyes of Rex Moore.

He had feared that his champion might get the worst of it.

It was not more than twenty minutes since Young Wild West had rode off, but to the tenderfoot it seemed much more than an hour.

He said not a word, but simply took a seat on the office steps and waited to hear what Wild had to say.

The black horse cantered on by, and did not stop till it reached the stable at the Ram's Horn Hotel.

Our hero rode up and dismounted as though he had just returned from giving his horse a little exercise, though his face was just a trifle pale.

"There was only one shot fired," he said, in answer to the expectant looks cast at him. "I was quicker than he, and the body lies in the road. I'll notify his friend, Bowery Bill, and he can go and get it!"

CHAPTER VI.

"FIVE MINUTES TO SEVEN!"

Young Wild West was scarcely out of sight when something happened that would certainly have surprised him could he have witnessed it.

Dandy Don rose to a sitting posture!

His face was as pale as ashes, and he showed signs of being greatly agitated.

"That was a close call," he muttered. "Lucky his bullet struck my watch in that pocket! That fellow is too much for me at shooting, I must admit. He's the first to ever get the drop on me in that fashion. I really thought I had received my last dose when I felt the bullet strike."

The scoundrel, for he was nothing else, sat there on the ground for the space of a minute, and then slowly rose to his feet.

He pulled the watch, which had been the means of saving his life, from his pocket and made an examination.

The bullet had pierced the back case and lodged in among the works.

He opened the case and looked at the dial.

The watch had stopped five minutes to seven!

"I'll never part with this, if I can help it," he said. "Five minutes to seven! I shan't forget that time in a hurry, either. I wish I had my horse. He must have got badly frightened to run off like that. Well, he is not used to having me knocked off his back by a bullet, and that is why he took out like that, I suppose. I was just going to pull on Young Wild West when I got the bullet from his shooter. He thinks I am done for, and I'll let him think so for awhile, I guess. It is not such a great distance to the Ram's Horn, and I'll try to get there without he or any of his friends seeing me."

Picking up the revolver, which had dropped from his hand when he fell, Dandy Don set out to walk back to Weston.

He walked on down the road until he got within sight of the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company, and then took to the bushes.

In this way he soon got around to the rear of the Ram's Horn, and a little later entered it by a back door.

He did not go into the barroom, but went upstairs, and then sent for Bowery Bill to come up.

The proprietor was not long in getting there.

"What! Are you alive, Don?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, yes. I'm worth a dozen dead men yet, I guess," was the reply.

"When I seen your horse come back without you a few minutes ago, I made up my mind that you had gone under."

"Well, I met Young Wild West, but I did not go under, though it was no fault of his."

"You didn't drop him, Don, did you?"

"No," and the handsome villain shook his head in a very decided way. "I did not drop him. To tell the truth, I didn't have the chance, or rather, I did have the chance, but was not quick enough. He fired too soon for me, and I fell from the saddle before I knew what had happened. I am glad Sultan had sense enough to come back here."

"If he shot you, how in blazes is it that you are here alive?" asked the puzzled hotel keeper, his solitary eye gazing in amazement at his friend.

"Look at that, Bill," and the watch was handed over to him.

"Great Scott!" gasped Bowery Bill. "You are the luckiest man alive. He went off, thinking he had killed you, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, how erbout ther next time you meet?"

"Maybe it will be my turn to do the shooting then."

"Maybe so, Don. But I wouldn't figure too much that way, if I was you. I've heard a whole lot about Young Wild West, an' I am satisfied that he can't be downed very easily—that is, if he is lookin' when ther shootin' is about to be done."

Dandy Don shrugged his shoulders. It was evident that he was of the same opinion, though he did not say so.

"Bring me a bottle of whiskey, Bill," he said, after a pause. "I'll steady my nerves a bit, and then have a talk with my future wife."

Bowery Bill grinned broadly at this remark, and then went downstairs.

In a few minutes he came back with a bottle and glasses and set them on the table.

"By the way, Bill," said the dandy horseman, "you need not let anybody know that I am in the house. If it gets around that Young Wild West laid me low, let it. The people will only be all the more surprised when they see me show up in full bloom to-night. I'll stay up here and keep quiet the rest of the day."

"All right, Don," was the reply. "You kin depend on me."

As soon as Bowery Bill had taken his departure, Dandy Don went to a door that opened to another room and gave a gentle tap on it.

A key turned in the lock, and then the door was opened by a Chinaman, who made a profound bow and permitted the man, who was his master, to enter.

It seemed that Dandy Don had engaged the biggest part of the upper story of the hotel for his own private use, for he did not stop in this room, but went across it and tapped on another door.

Like the first one, this was unlocked, and the man was promptly admitted.

It was a woman of fifty who had opened the door. She had evidently been beautiful once, for traces of it could still be seen on her well shaped, but wrinkled countenance.

This was Faro Fan, one of the greatest female card sharps the west had ever known.

She was a sister of the villain she had just admitted, and generally worked with him in robbing gamblers who were less sharp than they.

She had received the name of Faro Fan from the fact that she had run a faro bank in Denver, where she had been driven from by a vigilance committee on account of the many murders that were committed in her place.

"Well, you laid the young boss of the town low, did you?" she said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"No, Fan, I did not."

"Didn't you meet him?"

"Oh, yes. I met him."

"Well," and the woman placed her arms akimbo and waited for him to explain.

Dandy Don simply took the watch from his pocket and turned it over to her.

"Five minutes to seven!" she exclaimed. "If such a thing had happened to me, Don, would surely feel uneasy every time it came to the hour of five minutes of seven. I could never forget it, and would always be on the lookout for a bullet at that time."

"Nonsense, Fan. You are superstitious."

But the man shrugged his shoulders uneasily, just the same.

"It may be nonsense, but I simply said how I would feel on the subject. The bullet that lodged in this watch was meant for your heart, and the one who sent the bullet must have been quicker with his shooter than you were. Take my advice, now, and twice a day, when the hands of the clock mark five minutes to seven, look out for the man who stopped your watch."

Dandy Don made no reply to this. He took the watch and placed it back in his pocket, and then nodded towards the half open door of another room.

"She has been pretty quiet this morning," the woman said. "Go in and see if you can do anything with her."

The villain did not hesitate an instant, but walked boldly to the door and entered the adjoining apartment.

This particular room had evidently been constructed for just what it was being used for now—a sort of prison, for one had to go down three or four steps to enter it, and the windows were at least five feet from the floor, with iron bars running across them on the inside.

The furniture was rather scant in the room, and the floor was covered with several layers of skins from animals.

This was probably for the purpose of deadening sound.

In the darkest corner of the room a young girl of perhaps nineteen sat on a rude sort of divan.

She was very pretty, though her eyes were red with weeping.

The moment she saw who it was who entered, she sprang to her feet.

"Well, Dandy Don!" she exclaimed, in a tone of voice that was half angry, half pleading, "have you decided to give me my liberty?"

"I have come to try and reason with you, Alice Dare,"

he replied in a soft, musical voice. "I want you to make up your mind to be my wife. If you will become mine of your own free will, I promise you that I will give up the life I have been leading and take you east to live in luxury the remainder of your life. I am a rich man, Alice—it matters not how I made my money! That, too, must go down with the past. The greatest argument of all that I can use upon you is that I love you madly, and do not propose to live without you. Can you take me for better or for worse on these grounds, or must I use other means of getting you to be my wife?"

"I will never be your wife, Dandy Don—I swear it!" was the reply.

The girl's eyes flashed like coals of fire as she spoke, showing that never were there more earnest words spoken.

"And I swear that you will be my wife, Alice Dare!" cried the villain, flying into a passion at once. "I will give you twenty-four hours longer in which to make up your mind whether it will be by your consent, or whether it will be by force. You have just twenty-four hours to make up your mind. It is now five minutes of seven—Furies! no!"

Dandy Don had unthinkingly taken the watch in which the bullet from Young Wild West's revolver was embedded from his pocket, and with a horrible oath he flung it across the room.

The words of his sister had come upon him with full force, and he now realized, that in spite of what he said to the contrary, he was superstitious.

Pretty Alice Dare, standing there with the mein of a tigress driven to a last stand, knew not what to make of the man's sudden action, but when she saw him hurriedly leave the room a moment later, without so much as looking at her again, she concluded that he must have become crazy all at once.

As soon as she had recovered somewhat from the effects of her excitement, she walked across the room and picked up the watch Dandy Don had hurled from him in such an angry way.

The case had opened, but the hands had not moved a particle. It was still five minutes to seven!

Much puzzled, the girl turned the wrecked timepiece over.

Then she saw where the bullet had entered it.

But even this did not explain the strange actions of the villain.

"Five minutes to seven!" she murmured thoughtfully. "I shall remember that. If it will have the same effect on him when I say it as it did when he looked at the watch

and said it to himself, I may gain something by it. I will keep the watch, too."

Alice Dare was not one of the sort of girls who become frightened and faint in times of danger. She had been born and reared in Colorado, and she had been taught to ride and shoot and fight, too, if it became necessary.

She was an orphan, and had come to Deadwood with an uncle and aunt but a month before.

Dandy Don had met her and tried to woo her, but she would have nothing to do with him.

The consequences were that he had stolen her from her home and brought her to Weston for the purpose of marrying her, by fair means or foul.

And the girl was just as positive that she would not marry as he was he was that he would.

She seated herself on the divan and remained there thinking for some little time.

Pretty soon, Faro Fan, who acted in the capacity of her jailer, came in.

"You had better make up your mind to marry my brother," she said. "He says he is going to start for the east as soon as you are his wife, and I am anxious to see New York, as I have never been there. Come, my dear, you must marry him. Think of the gay life we can lead in the gayest city in America! It is not likely that you care to stay in the west all your life, and with a handsome man for your husband, you ought to enjoy life."

"You would not marry a man you hated, would you?" replied Alice, thinking it best to argue the question with the woman.

"Well, it would depend on circumstances. I have never married, you see; but if I had when I was your age, and got a man who would have treated me right, I would have been a great deal better off. I am positive that you can do no better than marry my brother."

"And I am positive that I will die first!"

"No, you won't. There is no need of your talking so foolishly. As you have already been told, the marriage will take place, whether you consent to it or not. It seems to me it would be a great deal better for you to agree in that case. Perhaps there is some one else you would prefer to be your husband, and if there is, you may as well drop all thoughts of him from your mind."

"There is no one else. I'll tell you that much. I have never yet met the man I would care to marry, but one thing is certain, I will die by my own hand before I become the bride of the scoundrel, Dandy Don!"

"Scoundrel is a hard name to call one."

"It is, I know, else I would not call him such."

"Well, he has just told me that he has given you twenty-four hours in which to make up your mind. If you refuse, then he will have a clergyman here, anyway, and the marriage will take place within one hour from the time you refuse or accept, as the case may be. As you have been told, there is no use of your screaming for help, as no one in this town will pay the least attention to you, even should they hear you, and that is not likely. It has been given out that you are my sister, and that you have lost your mind. You are going east for your health, you know."

The woman laughed as she said this, and had Alice known what a lie she was telling she might have felt a trifle better than she did when she heard the words.

Faro Fan left the room, shutting the door after her, and then, in desperation, Alice Dare moved a chair to one of the windows and got upon it and looked out.

A dashing looking young horseman was coming along, and she pressed her face against the glass, hoping he would look that way.

And he did look that way!

CHAPTER VII.

THE TENDERFOOT'S GREAT AMBITION.

Cheyenne Charlie suggested that Rex Moore, the tenderfoot, take a little exercise on his new horse that morning.

After the New Yorker had found that Young Wild West came back safe and sound from his meeting with Dandy Don, he went over to the stable of Dove-Eye Dave and got the horse he had picked out the night before.

The steed was a full sized mustang pony, as good as any to be found in that section, and Rex was more than pleased with his purchase, and rode over to the stable Wild told him he could keep the horse in.

Then it was that Charlie told him to take one of the saddles in the stable and go out for a half hour's exercise.

"I would rather wait till I get through my work to-night," said the tenderfoot. "There is a whole lot to do to get the books in shape."

"That's all right," spoke up Wild. "Half an hour won't make much difference on work of that kind. Go ahead! Take a ride through the town, and show the people that you are not so much of a tenderfoot as they think you are."

This was quite enough, and a few minutes later Moore was attired in proper style and on the mare.

He rode up to the canyon and back first, and then find-

ing that his mount was all right, struck out to ride through the town.

If he thought he was going to attract much attention, the young New Yorker was disappointed, for no one paid particular notice to him at all.

They were used to seeing horsemen riding along, so there was nothing really to attract them, since the tenderfoot was riding as good as the average man.

Rex rode through the center, and then made a complete circuit of the town, fetching out alongside the new hotel as he came in to take the road to the office.

How it was he did not know, but he happened to look up at one of the windows of the Ram's Horn, and there he saw the prettiest face his eyes had ever rested upon.

An appealing glance was shot at him—a glance that he understood as though words had been spoken with it.

The face belonged to a young lady, and she was in distress.

The tenderfoot doffed his hat to let her know that he saw her, and then the face disappeared.

The young man rode back to the stable in an agitated frame of mind.

He could not help linking the face with one of the females Wing Wah, the cook, had spoken of the night before.

One of them had been laughing and the other crying, he said.

It must be that this face belonged to the one who had been crying; it looked so sad and wistful, and the very eyes had appealed to him for help.

"By Jove!" he thought, "if that girl is there against her will, I will get her away from that hotel, or die trying."

Rex had only seen her face, but he had fallen in love with her, just the same.

He concluded to say nothing to any one just yet, so he went through his work till noon, and then, soon as he had swallowed his dinner, made the excuse that he was going to the post office.

But instead of going there he made for the window he had seen the face in.

It was on the south end of the building, about fifteen feet from the ground.

A bridle path leading to some of the claims went past that end of the house, so there was an excuse for his passing that way, in case any one belonging to the hotel saw him.

Rex walked very slow as he neared the window, and just as he was nearly under it, the face appeared again!

It was a look of delight that was thrown upon him this time, and he returned the glance with a hard effort to make her understand that he awaited her bidding.

Then the window raised a few inches and a piece of folded paper fluttered to his feet.

He picked it up, and as he did so the face disappeared.

The young man waited a few seconds, but it did not reappear, so he walked slowly from the spot.

He did not attempt to read the note that had been thrown to him till he had entered the post office and came out again.

Then he unfolded the paper and read the following:

"I am a captive here in the hands of Dandy Don. I must get away from him before to-morrow morning. Save me, I beseech you! I dare not speak to you from the window, for fear they will hear me and kill me for doing it. The window has iron bars across it, so I can not let myself down with a rope. Again I ask you to save me!

"ALICE DARE."

The tenderfoot from New York gave a low whistle of surprise.

"I have worked myself in a regular old fashioned romance by coming out west," he muttered under his breath. "Save her! Well, I guess I will! I will do it without the help of another, too. If I tell Young Wild West about it he will have the hotel ransacked from top to bottom in no time, and the girl will be rescued, after which those who had a hand in keeping her there will be hanged, if they don't get shot during the ransacking. I would be liable to get little credit from the pretty creature who signs herself Alice Dare. It would be Young Wild West who would get the credit. No! I must save Alice Dare, and do it without the help of any one but myself. But how is it that she says she is in the hands of Dandy Don? Ah! I have it! She does not know that Young Wild West shot and killed him this morning. Well, I am going to rescue the girl from that house, or die in the attempt!"

Rex walked back to his work and started in to get his books in order.

But there was altogether too much on his mind for him to make any great headway, and when quitting time came he had not accomplished anything like what he had intended to.

But his employers did not find any fault with him; nor did they know that he had not done as much as he could have done had it not been that the captive girl was on his mind.

The tenderfoot knew that his friends expected him to mount his horse and go out for a ride to get himself in practice, so he promptly went over to the stable and saddled and bridled the mare.

Then he mounted and rode off around the town, the same as he had done in the morning.

Of course he was itching to get beneath the window of the hotel as soon as he could, but he did not want to be too much in a hurry, for fear that some one would suspect that something was wrong.

Rex finally passed the window, but saw no signs of the girl.

He did the same thing three times after that, but with the same result.

Finally he rode boldly around to the front of the hotel and dismounted.

Lively Rick came up about that time, and after exchanging a few words in the way of greeting, the two entered the barroom.

Bowery Bill was behind the bar and he greeted the men pleasantly, knowing full well that they were friends of Young Wild West.

They ordered drinks and cigars, and while they were indulging Rex took a good look around the room and noted the doors leading from it.

There were three. One opened into the back room that was used for gambling purposes, another was the entrance to the hall that led to the other rooms on the first floor, and the third opened to a private stairway.

Of course Moore did not know this, but this was the door Dandy Don had been conducted through the night before, when he asked the landlord to conduct him to his room.

"That is the way to get to the room where the girl is confined," the young man thought. "There must be a stairway there."

But there was not a ghost of a show for him to open the door and get to the adjoining apartment without being observed.

He lingered a few minutes longer in the barroom, and then went out, with the excuse that he was going home to supper.

Lively Rick was in the humor to get a fill-up of whiskey, as he called it, and was making the rounds of the places where the stuff was sold.

Rex mounted his horse and left Rick making his way on foot to the next place.

He let the horse walk around to the path at the side of the house, and again peered up in the direction of the window.

This time his heart gave a bound, for the face of the girl was there!

The window was raised a little, too, and down came a note, fluttering towards him.

He managed to catch it, and with a nod, he rode off to a safe distance and read it.

"I depend on you to save me. I think if you could get a ladder to the window some time after dark you could twist the iron bars loose, so I could get through. Dandy Don is a desperate man, so I should not advise you to try to get me out by coming through the house, unless the other way fails.

ALICE DARE."

Rex Moore felt much elated when he read this note.

He knew that the barroom would be crowded after dark, and that he would have a good chance to rescue the girl, if, as she said, the bars of iron could be twisted from the window.

So he rode back to the house, put up his horse, and then joined Wild and the rest at supper.

But not a word did he say of what he was going to do that night.

"The girl is still of the opinion that Dandy Don is alive," he thought. "Well, if he was I would not stand so good a show to rescue her. As it is, I ought to do it pretty easy."

But the tenderfoot did not know how difficult a task was before him.

He had read of just such gallant rescues being made, and of the pretty maiden marrying the young man who saved her from the villain, but he had never seen anything like it attempted.

But it looked easy to him, and that was sufficient to make his hopes go away up.

Already he could see himself standing at the altar with the fair girl at his side.

Rex Moore was in his seventh heaven, as far as imagination went.

It seemed to be a long wait for him, but finally darkness came.

To make matters all the better for him, it began to rain.

Wild and Jim went out and invited him to accompany them.

"I guess you are going to see your girls, so I won't go," Moore replied.

This was indeed the case, so they both laughed, and went on out.

Pretty soon Lively Rick came in. He had been drinking pretty good, and when he challenged Jack Robedee to play a game of euchre, Jack agreed to oblige him, just to keep him from getting worse for the wear in the saloons.

This gave the ambitious young tenderfoot a chance to

go and rescue the fair captive, and he lost not another moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF DANDY DON.

Arietta Murdock and Eloise Gardner were waiting for their lovers, and the two boys were received warmly.

The four remained together at the Murdock house for probably three hours, passing the time by playing games and singing, as only young people of their ages can do.

Then Jim had an excuse to see Eloise home, so he took his departure.

Wild knew that was about the last of him he would see that night, so when Arietta bade the couple good night he did likewise.

It was pretty close to midnight when our hero put on his hat and left his sweetheart's home.

It was raining pretty hard, but he only had a short distance to go, and with a last good night to Et, he started.

He had just turned in the road that led to the office and house behind it when he heard the sound of hoofs.

Young Wild West at once came to a halt and took his stand behind a tree.

If it had not been that some one was riding out of town he would not have paid any attention to it.

But it struck him as being rather odd that any one should start to leave town at that hour, with the storm increasing in violence.

There was more than one horse approaching, and they were coming on a walk.

The next minute they passed within a few feet of where Wild was standing behind the tree.

There were four horses, but one of them had no rider.

And as our hero peered through the darkness he noticed that one of the other three had a double burden on its back.

But that was not all he noticed!

That particular horse was the one Dandy Don had ridden in the barroom the night before!

He could tell that by the graceful stride of the animal.

"What's up?" he thought. "This looks mighty suspicious. I have a notion of following this strange outfit."

Just then he heard a voice.

It was a Chinaman who was talking, and the instant he heard it, Wild gave a start.

He thought about what Wing Wah had told him the night before.

"Ah," he exclaimed under his breath. "Now I will follow them. Something is decidedly wrong. I feel sure of it."

He quickly made his way to the stable where the horses were kept and was promptly challenged by the man on guard.

He made himself known, and then the sorrel stallion was saddled and bridled in a jiffy.

Without a word of explanation to the man, he mounted and rode off after the mysterious party, who had just gone up the hill on the road to Spondulicks.

Wild rode along at a sharp clip, and in a few minutes he overtook them.

He did not slacken his pace, but passed them, calling out as he did so:

"A rough night, strangers."

"Yes," came the reply in a voice that caused the boy to prick up his ears and lay his hand on his revolver.

Young Wild West had a great memory of voices, and if he was not badly mistaken now, the person who had answered him was Dandy Don!

But that could not be, as he was dead—shot through the heart by the very weapon the young deadshot had his hand upon now.

But if it was not the man who had spoken, it was his horse, anyway.

Wild rode on, determined to find out before long.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards ahead of them when the same voice called out to him:

"Hello, stranger! Where are you bound, anyway?"

It was either Dandy Don or his ghost that was speaking.

Our hero was certain of that now.

Disguising his own voice, he answered:

"I'm goin' over to Spondulicks."

"So are we. What might you be leaving Weston for in this storm?"

"That's a leadin' question. What might you be leavin' for? You've got wimmen folks with you, too."

"I generally ask all the questions I please and answer those I feel like answering."

Wild now knew he was talking to Dandy Don, but how it was that he was alive he could not imagine.

The party had come to a halt right in front of him, and as he sat there in the saddle, the boy felt it was his duty to shoot the man from his horse.

But the burden he held across the horse in front of him!

That it was a woman Wild was quite sure, and he wondered why she had not spoken.

The Chinaman was just behind Dandy Don, holding the

riders horse by the bridle, and at his side was another rider, whom Wild saw was a woman.

"These are the three Wing Wah saw. Dandy Don belongs to their party," Wild thought. "Now, what shall I do? That's the question."

Just then he heard the clattering of hoofs behind the halted party.

Some one else was coming!

Wild made up his mind what to do in an instant.

The villain was holding his burden on the horse by his left arm and one hand, so our hero kept an eye on the other hand.

He noticed that it had dropped the reins and was resting on the butt of a revolver.

"Dandy Don," said Young Wild West, speaking in the regular way, "I left you for dead on this very road this morning, but it seems that you are alive. Do you want me to shoot you from the saddle now, or do you want me to take you a prisoner?"

These words had scarcely left the boy's lips when there came a muffled shriek for help, and the burden on Dandy Don's horse slid to the ground with amazing quickness.

"A thousand furies!" exclaimed Dandy Don. "It is Young Wild West!"

"That's just who it is," was the calm reply. "Up with your hands now, or you'll get a bullet between your eyes."

The villain saw that he was covered, and so he obeyed.

But just as he did so, Faro Fan, his sister, fired at Wild. Luckily, she was not a very good shot, and the bullet went over his head by a foot or more.

"If another shot is fired," said Wild, "I will drop the man I have got covered. I——"

He did not finish what he was going to say, for at that instant a horseman dashed up and exclaimed:

"I am here to help you, Young Wild West! These people got the best of me to-night, but my turn comes now. No, you don't, you almond-eyed celestial!"

The new arrival was Rex Moore, the tenderfoot!

As he uttered the last sentence he discharged his revolver, and the Chinaman dropped from his horse.

He had been in the act of shooting at Wild, but had been so slow about it that Moore had time to drop him.

It was of course Alice Dare whom Dandy Don had been carrying off on his horse, and the moment she heard the voice of the New Yorker she threw aside the heavy cloak that had enveloped her form and rushed toward him.

"Confound you!" screamed Faro Fan, urging her horse after Alice. "You infernal vixen! I'll kill you!"

The woman had drawn a dangerous looking knife, and

seemed bent on plunging it into the girl's body, but the tenderfoot hit her a blow on the wrist with the butt of his revolver, and the knife fell to the ground.

"Hold up your hands, woman!" commanded Rex.

Sullenly she obeyed.

"Tie them behind her," Wild advised. "Then come and treat my friend, Dandy Don, the same way."

The New Yorker had plenty of rope with him, to be used in rescuing Alice, and he soon had the hands of the woman tied behind her and the end of the rope attached to the saddle girths, so she could not slip from her horse.

Dandy Don sat in the saddle as immovable as a rock.

He was in mortal fear of that weapon that was staring him straight in the eyes, not over six feet from him.

As dark as it was, he could see it plainly.

But it was not the revolver he was afraid of so much, after all; it was the person who held it!

"You caught me unawares, Young Wild West," he said, as Moore proceeded to disarm him. "I did not recognize your voice, and you did mine. But please remember that I am not dead yet!"

"Not yet—that's right," was the calm reply. "But it is only the question of a short time before you get your medicine."

"I have done nothing to get my medicine for. What do you mean by that? You are not going to shoot me, after disarming me and binding my hands behind me, are you?"

This was said with a great deal of sarcasm, and with the purpose of angering Young Wild West.

Dandy Don was a shrewd individual.

It had struck him all of a sudden that if he could make his captor set him free and give him a chance to fight for his life, he would have the only chance left, for he knew that as soon as the men in Weston heard how he had kidnapped the girl and brought her over from Deadwood with the intention of forcing her to become his wife, Judge Lynch would surely condemn him to death in short order.

"No, I am not going to shoot you in your helpless state," said Wild, answering his question. "I am simply going to take you back to Weston and have your character investigated. If I had wanted to shoot you, I could easily have done it when I first spoke to you to-night. If I had sent a bullet at you it would have been aimed at your head, and not at your heart, as it was this morning. I had no idea that you wore a breast-plate, or you would not be sitting there a captive now."

"I wear no breast-plate, nor never have," was the reply. "It was my watch that saved my life this morning, Young Wild West. Your bullet lodged in my time-piece, and the

sudden shock simply caused me to slip and fall from my horse. Now you know how it is that I am alive. You have no right to make a prisoner of me, Young Wild West, and I dare you to set me free and give me the show that I had this morning!"

"Your daring me will do me no good. You are going with us to Weston, and that's all there is to it. Tie him securely to the horse, Rex."

"I've got him there all right," was the reply.

But the tenderfoot only thought he had.

He had learned how to ride and shoot pretty well, but he had not learned how to tie up a desperate man.

Perhaps pretty Alice Dare, who stood at his side, afraid to get a foot away from him, caused him to be a little careless.

At any rate, Wild had scarcely given the order to about face and go back to Weston, when Dandy Don jerked his right hand free and gave his spirited horse a sudden slap on the neck. As quick as a flash the reins were pulled from the hands of the tenderfoot, and away dashed the horse through the darkness, its rider uttering a triumphant laugh as he rounded a bend and disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TENDERFOOT POSES AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

When Rex Moore left the house he meant business!

It was raining, so he put on a long coat he found hanging up, and went to the shed back of the office.

There he found a coil of thin, but strong rope, and hiding this under his coat, he started to rescue his fair lady.

He had an idea that he could find something that would answer the purpose of a ladder and a bar for prying in the rear of the hotel, so that is the place he made for.

He had drawn his broad-brimmed felt hat down over his eyes to shield his face from the rain, and just as he entered the yard in the rear of the building some one stepped before him in the darkness and touched him on the arm.

Rex gave a start and half drew his revolver.

But the touch seemed to be reassuring, and he at once desisted.

"Come right on this way," whispered a voice, and acting on a sudden impulse the tenderfoot nodded and followed.

It struck him that the girl had managed to send some one to help him to make the rescue, and though he was a little put out at not being allowed to do the whole thing alone, he followed the man straight to the house, and then the door inside to the bottom of a flight of stairs.

"Did you read the note?" asked his pilot.

"Yes, I read it half a dozen times," the innocent tenderfoot answered, thinking, of course, that the conversation referred to the note that had been tossed out of the window to him by the captive girl.

"Well, you understand it, then. The girl won't act as though she is willing, but the marriage must take place to-night. It is most important for her good, as well as my own. You get five hundred dollars for performing the ceremony, dominie. That is good money, and you shouldn't listen to anything the girl may have to say."

The young New Yorker almost dropped when he heard this.

He knew who it was who was talking to him now!

It was Dandy Don, the man he thought Wild West had shot and killed!

And he was going to force pretty Alice Dare to become his wife, and took him to be the minister he had sent for!

Of all the peculiar positions he had been placed in since his arrival in the west, this beat them all.

The tenderfoot was astounded.

But luckily for him, he was one of the kind who can very quickly recover from surprises.

And he was also handy at getting out words.

Moore instantly realized that he must pose as the minister, if he hoped to rescue the girl.

If it came to the worst, he would shoot the villain dead in his tracks as he dragged the girl forward to be married!

The tenderfoot was rendered desperate at the thought of Alice Dare being insulted by the touch of such a villain.

Just then he felt able to cope with half a dozen such men as Dandy Don.

"I will perform the ceremony just as you want me to," he answered in a low tone.

"Good!" exclaimed Dandy Don. "You were so long in making a reply that I thought possibly you were going to back out. Come right on up the stairs. I was going to wait until to-morrow morning, but the girl said that if it had to be, it might just as well be done to-night."

"Very well, sir. I am ready."

The two went upstairs, the tenderfoot being well satisfied that the villain would not recognize him as the man who was with Wild West and the others the night before.

Then he had been dressed in a hunting rig, and now the long coat certainly did give him a clerical appearance.

Rex never once thought of what would happen if the real minister should come.

But he took it for granted that he would not come to

perform a ceremony of that kind, anyway, if he was a real minister of the Gospel.

Dandy Don led him hurriedly through the two rooms, and then opened the door that led into the girl's prison.

Alice Dare arose at their approach.

"My dear," said Dandy Don, in a bland tone, "I came to the conclusion that we would not wait till morning, so I have the dominie here to do the job now. Now, get a move on you. I am anxious to have the thing over with."

At this the girl uttered a muffled shriek and fell fainting to the floor.

Rex allowed the proffered gold to drop from his hand and sprang forward to assist the girl.

He had just succeeded in lifting her to the divan when he felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temple.

"Pronounce us man and wife, or off goes the top of your head, dominie!" came the command in an icy voice from the lips of Dandy Don.

Then the tenderfoot's courage left him temporarily.

He had never felt a revolver pressed against his head in that manner, and almost before he knew it, he said:

"I pronounce you man and wife!"

The handsome villain uttered a chuckle.

"Sit down at that table, dominie!" he commanded, still keeping the revolver against his temple.

Moore felt that he must obey, so he did so.

Then Faro Fan stepped forward with pen, ink and paper.

"Write what I tell you to, or, by heavens! you will surely die!"

Moore took the pen.

He was certainly very much under the control of the villain now.

He knew that he would certainly make a leap into eternity if he refused.

The tone of voice Dandy Don spoke in told him that.

"Write down the date."

This was done with a trembling hand.

"Now, then, write, 'This is to certify Dandy Don Barrymore and Alice Dare were united in marriage by me on this date.'"

The tenderfoot wrote it exactly as he was told.

"Now, your name. Be sure to put the reverend in front of it!"

The muzzle of the revolver pressed a trifle harder, and that was incentive enough for the young man to write the first name that came in his head.

"Rev. John Smith!"

That was the way he signed the paper.

"The bottle and handkerchief now," the villain said to his sister.

Moore did not know what this meant, but he soon found out, for the next moment a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, or some other powerful drug was placed tightly over his mouth and nostrils.

He struggled a little and then fell back unconscious.

"It wouldn't hardly do to kill the dominie who was kind enough to marry a fellow," laughed Dandy Don. "We will simply lock him in here and let him sleep off the drug. Bill will let him out when he hears him shout."

The fainting girl was then carried out into the other apartment, and the door of the prison-like room was locked.

"Make her as comfortable as possible," the villain said to his sister. "She is my wife now, and I don't want her hurt. If she isn't satisfied with this marriage when she revives, I'll satisfy her with a regular church wedding."

"Very well," was the reply. "When are we to leave for Spondulicks?"

"As soon as we can get away without being seen. I'll go and have a talk with Bowery Bill, I guess."

Then he went downstairs and tapped on the door that led to the barroom.

In a minute or so it was opened by Bowery Bill, who, seeing who it was, came on through.

"My man ain't got back from ther minister's yet," said the hotel keeper.

"Well, it makes no difference. The dominie got here a few minutes ago, and the ceremony is all over."

"The deuce you say! Let me congratulate you, Don!"

The two shook hands.

"Now, Bill, bring me a bottle of the best whiskey you have in the house, and then see that the four horses are made ready to leave at a moment's notice. Here's a thousand dollars for the trouble you have been put to. When the dominie gets to yelling to be let out, go up and show how surprised you are at finding him there. Give him a little innocent talk, and then bid him good night."

Bowery Bill understood, as the whole thing had been prearranged.

He pocketed the money his guest gave him, not taking the trouble to examine it.

There is honor among thieves, as the saying goes, and the landlord felt certain that there was a thousand dollars there.

He went back to the bar and a few minutes later returned with the bottle of whiskey.

"Ther horses will be ready for you at any time you want 'em," he said.

"Well, you know about what time I want to go. It won't do to take the girl out, even by the back way, when there is a whole gang around the outside of the house. She might take it in her head to let out a couple of her screams, and then I would be in a deuced of a fix. Just let me know when everything is clear. I have made arrangements to put up with a man I know over in Spondulicks. I sent him word by this morning's stagecoach."

"Good! Well, Don, I'll let you know when ther way is clear. It's rainin' pretty hard now, an' that'll make it all ther better, 'cause ther men won't stay outside very long to-night. You kin depend on me, as you ought to know."

Dandy Don gave a nod of satisfaction, and then went upstairs.

He stopped in the outer room and began to drink freely of the whiskey.

He was a little bit unnerved at what he had passed through since he had been in Weston, and he thought the whiskey would do him good.

It did do him good, too, for when he had swallowed about half the contents of the bottle he fell asleep with his head on the table.

He was not awakened until a few minutes before midnight, and then Bowery Bill came up to inform him that the time had arrived for him to go.

"My customers are all inside drinkin' an' playin' cards," he said. "There ain't a soul outside."

"Good!" grunted the handsome villain, as he poured another drink from the bottle and swallowed it at a gulp.

Then he opened the door and went into the other room.

"You are a fine one, I must say, to go and get drunk at the very time you ought to have all your wits about you!" exclaimed Faro Fan testily. "While you were sleeping off your drunk out there, I have had no end of trouble. I was compelled to use the chloroform again a few minutes ago."

"Who on, sister?"

"The girl and the minister, too. They both got to making a racket. So I had to do it."

"How did you manage to give the dominie the second dose?"

"Squirted it in through the key-hole with a syringe. He was right there to receive it, as luck would have it, and in his befuddled state he fell an easy victim. I guess I gave him enough to kill him, by the noise he made when he dropped to the floor."

"You did well, Fan. Come on, now. I am as sober as a judge."

The woman was all ready, and had been for some time.

Five minutes later they all went downstairs, Dandy Don carrying the unconscious form of Alice Dare in his arms.

Through the drizzling rain they rode out of Weston.

Rex Moore had not been killed, as Faro Fan suggested. Not by any means!

True, he had received the second dose of chloroform right in the face, as he was in the act of trying to peer through the key-hole to see what was taking place on the other side.

The room being shut tightly, he had remained under the influence of the drug much longer than he would otherwise have done.

When he came to he heard Alice Dare weeping hysterically, and he at once demanded to be let out.

The light had been taken from the room and he was in total darkness.

But he found the door all right, and threw himself against it to try and force it open.

Then he strove to peer through and the powerful drug was squirted in his face.

It overcome him for a few minutes, but only for that length of time.

Then he got upon his feet and staggered about the room in a dazed condition.

His plans to rescue the fair captive had been a miserable failure, and that made him doubly sick.

By good luck he struck a chair beneath the window as he was staggering about the room, and realizing that he needed fresh air climbed upon it and succeeded in opening the window.

The draught of fresh air that came in revived him wonderfully, and he soon became in possession of all his faculties.

Then he began tugging at the iron bars with all his strength.

If he could get out he would go to Young Wild West for assistance.

The wood was split where one of the bars was set in and it yielded.

Another powerful wrench and it was twisted out.

The desperate tenderfoot paused to listen.

Not a sound came from the other part of the room.

"They have gone!" he thought bitterly, and then he utilized the loosened bar for a pry and worked havoc with another iron.

This one and another quickly succumbed to his efforts, and then finding that the opening was large enough for him to get through, he crawled through feet foremost and

dropped to the ground below, after swinging himself clear of the house by his hands.

He was just in time to hear horses' hoofs receding in the distance, and gathering himself together, he started on a run for the stable where his horse was kept.

It was a good five minutes' walk to the place, and he should have got there easily in three if he had not lost his way.

As it was, it was nearly ten minutes before he did get there.

He learned from the stable watchman that Wild had just gone away with his horse in an awful hurry, so he mounted and followed.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT FARO FAN DID.

"Rex, you take the girl and the prisoner into Weston. I am going after Dandy Don!" exclaimed Young Wild West, and wheeling his horse around, he started in pursuit.

The handsome villain thought he was sure of escape, for he had an idea that there was not a horse in that section that could catch Sultan in a race.

But he had made two or three mistakes since he came to Weston, he was making a grave one when he thought that way.

Spitfire, the sorrel stallion, had never lost a race in his life, and his daring rider did not mean that he should lose this one.

Neither horse needed any particular urging. They were both trained to obey the slightest touch of their masters, so while he was riding at full speed, Dandy Don flung the ropes that the tenderfoot had failed to properly tie from him, and then, realizing that he was being pursued, uttered a yell of defiance.

His weapons had been taken from him, so he had nothing to depend upon to save him but his horse.

For five minutes he kept along at a fearful pace.

Then he began to grow worried.

The hoof-beats of the pursuing horse were not lessened in sound!

Wild was not more than twenty yards behind him at the start, and he had held the distance easily.

He did not want to shoot the villain because he was unarmed.

He resolved to take him alive.

The rain was now falling quite heavily, and it was as dark as a pocket.

"You have got something to catch this time, Spitfire," whispered Wild to his horse. "You will have to get a move on you."

Spitfire seemed to understand, for he shot forward with increased speed, and lessened the distance between them by fully a yard.

This was the first gain, and our hero nodded significantly.

For the next five minutes it was nip and tuck.

Then the sorrel stallion began gaining steadily.

He was warmed up to his work now, and in a minute or two more the race would be won.

The black steed was certainly doing its level best, when the sorrel forged alongside him, and then——

Wild's right hand grabbed Dandy Don by the collar of his coat and whisked him from the saddle!

The boy let go of him immediately, so as to keep from being dragged to the ground himself.

Relieved of his burden, the black horse made a misstep and fell.

Badly frightened, the animal tried to get up, but could not.

A hip had been broken!

Wild brought his horse to a halt and rode back.

Dandy Don had been rendered unconscious by his fall, and lay in the center of the road, the rain beating upon his upturned face.

The boy dismounted and soon found what the trouble was with the horse.

"I hate to do it," he muttered, as he drew his revolver. "He is a fine beast, but he could never walk again, so it will be a kindness to end his suffering."

There was a sharp report and the horse rolled over spasmodically and gave up the ghost.

"It ought to have been the master instead of the horse," our hero thought, as he turned his attention to the unconscious scoundrel.

Dandy Don came to just then. He had only been stunned by striking on the back of his head.

"You have got me again, Young Wild West," he said.

"Yes, and I think I will hold on to you this time," was the reply.

"That remains to be seen. I never give up until there is nothing left to hope for."

"Well, never mind about that. Just let me tie your hands this time. I think I can make a better job of it than my friend did. Ah! That's it! I like to see a man gentlemanly and obliging. Now, then, I am going to tow you into Weston behind my horse. I won't go too fast for you."

"Where did my horse go," and the villain tried to penetrate the darkness for some signs of the black.

"Your horse is dead. I shot him."

"You did?" was the angry retort. "What did you do that for?"

"Because the animal fell and broke his hip, and could not get up. You did not have the idea that I killed him for spite, or anything like that, did you?"

"Poor Sultan!" said Dandy Don, not noticing what our hero said. "He was a fine horse, and I am sorry for him."

By this time Wild had secured the prisoner to the end of a rope.

It was tied about his neck, too, so it behooved him not to pull back when the horse started.

Once in the saddle, Wild started off on a slow trot, making the man run to keep up with him.

When he pleaded of being tired, Spitfire was brought down to a walk.

And so it continued all the way into Weston.

Not wishing to run the risk of letting the man's friends get an opportunity to bribe any one to let him go, Wild got Jack Robedee to stand guard over him in the little jail till morning.

The two women had been brought to the house of our friends by Rex Moore, and it was now so near morning Wild concluded to keep them there.

"I am so glad you came in time," said pretty Alice Dare, fixing her eyes on those of Rex Moore.

She had said this several times before, but seemed to like repeating it.

"I am glad, too," was the reply.

"So are we all glad," spoke up Young Wild West.

"I am not," Faro Fan exclaimed sullenly.

"Of course you are not," and Wild laughed. "You are a fine woman, I must say. Are you not ashamed of assisting in the kidnapping of this young lady? And you were going to allow her to become the wife of a heartless villain against her will, too!"

Instead of making a reply, as they supposed she would, the woman suddenly arose to her feet and made for the door of the room.

This move was unexpected entirely, and she was through the doorway in a jiffy.

With a defiant cry, she slammed the door and darted away in the darkness.

Wild and the tenderfoot started after her as soon as they recovered from their astonishment.

"I will stay right here till you come back," Alice Dare assured them.

It was as dark as pitch when our two friends got outside, and they could not see over ten feet ahead of them.

They knew not in what direction the woman had gone.

But they took it that she ran away from the town.

Meanwhile, we must follow Faro Fan.

The woman's one desire was to get away from her captors, for she felt certain that they would hang both her and her brother. But she did not want to go without the villain.

As bad as she was, she had as much love for the man as any woman could have for a brother she admired.

Through the narrow, zig-zag path that ran along and came out near the Ram's Horn Hotel, she ran with the speed of the wind.

She did not know where the jail was located, but something told her that she was nearing the place where her brother was held a prisoner.

Her eyes suddenly fell upon one dim light that held her in a fascinating way.

Straight for it she ran.

Once or twice she glanced over her shoulder in her mad light, but she could see no pursuers.

And as the falling rain had made the ground soft and spongy, she could not hear her own footsteps, much less those of any one pursuing her.

In a minute more she was at the door of the little jail.

Jack Robedee, who was guarding Dandy Don, so that there would be no possible chance for him to escape, suddenly heard a scratching at the door.

It sounded like that of a cat, and thinking that the regular jailer, whom he had relieved, had one, he walked over and opened the door to allow it to enter.

He had scarcely pulled the door ajar four inches, when a mist shot squarely into his mouth and nostrils, and with a gasp he sank to the floor, drugged with a spray of chloroform.

Faro Fan stepped inside, her eyes glowing with a strange light.

She knew she had found the jail where her brother was confined, and without the least hesitation she stooped and drew the knife from Robedee's belt.

She raised it aloft to strike him a death-blow, and then faltered for an instant.

And in that instant she changed her mind.

Jack's life was saved!

Instead of stabbing him to the heart she drew the bottle of chloroform that she had used so successfully that night from her bosom, and saturating her handkerchief, held it tightly over Robedee's mouth and nostrils till he lapsed into a death-like stillness.

Jack had been placed there for the especial purpose of preventing the escape of Dandy Don, and it was turning out that he was to be the means of letting him go.

If the regular jailer had been there the chances are that he would not have taken the scratching noise to be made by a cat, and might have acted more cautiously when he opened the door.

Faro Fan uttered an exclamation of triumph and quickly snatched the key that Jack had dropped to the floor.

She unlocked the one heavy door in the side of the building and pushed it open.

The rays from the oil lamp in the hall flooded the cell with a sickly light.

Sitting on a pile of dried grass with his hands bound behind him, was Dandy Don.

He looked up in a dazed way as the door opened, and as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the light he recognized his sister.

"Fan!" he managed to articulate.

"Yes, it is me," was the reply. "Chance directed me here, and we will now make our escape, for they will surely hang us in the morning if we do not get away."

"That is right, I guess."

With the knife she had taken from Robedee, the woman severed the bonds of the handsome villain.

An exclamation of triumph came from his lips as he arose to his feet.

"Let us get to the Ram's Horn and rouse Bowery Bill at once," he said. "I will take the jailer's revolver, so if any one tries to stop us on the way I will have something to defend us with. Whew! The chloroform is strong, Fan!"

"I guess the jailer found it so," was the reply. "I used the last I had in the bottle."

The two now stepped outside, and heading for the place of Bowery Bill, slipped along like a couple of shadows.

There was a light still there, which showed that gambling was in progress in the back room, and as they neared it Dandy Don suddenly decided to try and get a couple of horses without disturbing Bowery Bill, if he could.

As luck would have it, the man who had brought the horses out for them when they had taken their departure from the hotel, had neglected to lock the stable door.

There were two good horses there, but when Dandy Don forced his way inside, leaving his sister outside to keep watch, he did not stop to examine them to see whether they were good or not, but quickly found the saddles and bridles that went with them and led them out.

All this did not take long.

He was in an awful hurry, but he did not grow so excited that he lost time in arranging things.

The handsome villain was a cool hand under almost any circumstances.

In five minutes from the time he found the stable was unlocked, he and Faro Fan were mounted and riding from the spot.

"It is too bad that I got dished out of my bride," said the man in a low tone.

"She is the cause of all this trouble we are in," was the reply. "If you had taken my advice you would have let her alone from the start."

"Well, I didn't take your advice," was the petulant rejoinder. "Fan, were you ever in love?"

"No!"

"Then you don't know what force made me kidnap the girl."

"Fools get in love," was all Faro Fan said.

The two had now reached the road that led over the mountain to Spondulicks.

"I guess we will get away now," observed Dandy Don, after a pause.

"Thanks to my great work," added his sister.

"That's right, Fan. How did you think of coming to the jail after me?"

"I didn't think at all. I just ran till I got there."

"Did you know where they had me?"

"No."

"It seems rather odd that you should come there and down the jailer so neatly, when you did not even know where the jail was."

"I can't understand it, myself. Perhaps it was Providence that guided my footsteps."

Dandy Don laughed hoarsely.

"If we were good honest Christians you might put it that way," he said. "But how did you get away from Young Wild West?"

"Oh, they took the girl and me in a house, and said they guessed they would keep us there till morning. I took it

in my head all of a sudden to run away, and I did so almost before I knew it myself. I got a good start on them, and they did not even know what direction I took. I caught sight of one little light and I ran to it and found it to be the jail. That is all there is to it. Never to my dying day will I know what made me do it, but I did, and now we are safe."

Dandy Don was very cautious in making his escape.

He knew that Young Wild West and his friends would certainly be hunting for Faro Fan.

That was why he insisted on letting the horse proceed on a walk till they got well on the road.

"Let us put out on a gallop," said his sister suddenly. "They will never catch us now."

"Not unless Young Wild West gets after us with that sorrel of his," was the retort.

The next minute they urged their horses forward on a run.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

Wild and the tenderfoot ran out to the road that led out of the town, and pausing a moment, thought they heard the sound of rapidly receding footsteps.

They turned and proceeded to walk back.

They had not covered more than a dozen yards when they heard the sounds of galloping hoofs.

"Stop right here," said our hero. "We will wait here in the shadow of this tree and see who it is coming out of town in such a hurry. It may be that Faro Fan went to the Ram's Horn and got a horse."

"That's so," replied his companion.

Nearer came the sounds, and presently two horses loomed up in the darkness.

"Halt!" cried Young Wild West, darting into the road.

The horses were ridden by Dandy Don and Faro Fan, and taken completely by surprise, they reined in their steeds.

"What's the matter?" demanded Dandy Don.

Wild recognized the voice instantly, and as quick as a flash he knocked the revolver from the villain's grasp.

"You are the greatest fellow I ever met, Dandy Don!" he exclaimed. "How did you get out of jail?"

With an oath the man tried to force his horse over Wild, but the boy was too quick for him and pulled him from the saddle.

Rex Moore had caught the horse ridden by Faro Fan, and he held the bridle with one hand and had his pistol leveled at the woman with the other.

"Let me go, you hounds!" she cried fiercely. "I have done nothing that you should stop me thus."

"Oh, yes you have," retorted the tenderfoot. "You dosed me with chloroform to-night, and that is enough to make me take you back to Weston. You thought I was a minister, but I am not. I got out of the prison you had me in without the aid of any one, and I was on time to assist in your capture the first time, as I am now. You can have a chance to tell your story to a judge and jury after it gets daylight."

"That's right," spoke up Wild, who had bound the handsome villain's hands behind him for the second time that night. "Come on. We must get back to Weston."

They at once started, Moore leading Faro Fan's horse and keeping his revolver in his hand.

The horse Dandy Don had been riding had started on a run back to the town, but that made little difference, as our two friends were afoot, anyway.

They were not long in reaching the jail, and when they got there Jack Robedee was just coming to from the effects of the drug the woman had administered to him.

Dandy Don was once more placed in the lock-up and Dove-Eye Dave was aroused to watch him, along with Jack.

Then Wild and Moore went back to the house where Alice Dare awaited them, and it was now getting well towards morning, and there was little use of going to sleep, so it was decided to keep them there.

The tenderfoot offered to stay up with them, and Alice Dare seemed very glad to have him.

The fact of it was that the girl really regarded him as her rescuer.

He had done his best, anyhow, and had arrived in time to help Young Wild West, and shoot the Chinaman.

Then he had the pleasure of escorting the girl back to Weston, and when he had told her all about what had happened, she became very talkative herself, and he learned all about her.

The tenderfoot was so encouraged that he whispered in her ear that he loved her.

And she did not become the least bit mad when he said it. It was about six o'clock when Wild got up from a sleep. He walked outside and found Moore and the rescued maiden walking up and down in front of the house.

"Jack Robedee came and took the woman over to the lock-up a few moments ago," the New Yorker said.

"All right," answered Wild. "I believe I will walk over that way myself. But first let me hear the young lady's story."

Alice told him how she had been kidnapped by the villain, and how he had forced Rex to marry her to him the night before.

"I want that paper I wrote, too," said the tenderfoot, looking a little sheepish at Wild. "I either had to write it or be shot."

"You were wise in writing it," replied our hero. "Come on! The two of you had better go over to the lock-up with me. Some one has got to appear against him."

Wild led the way, and the couple who had fallen in love with each other at first sight came right on behind him.

In a short time they were at the lock-up, where quite a crowd had gathered.

Among those there was Bowery Bill, and he was doing his best to gain sympathy for Dandy Don.

He had succeeded in getting the majority to agree with him that the least they could do was to give the villain and his sister twenty minutes to get out of town.

When Wild got there he was asked his opinion.

"Do as you like about it," he answered. "All I want is a piece of paper Dandy Don has got. It belongs to Moore here, and he would like to have it. Then, if it pleases the majority, the man and his sister can be given their weapons and the three horses that belong to them, and light out for parts unknown, with the understanding that they must never show up in Weston again."

This remark was received with cheers.

Bowery Bill took advantage of the opportunity and offered three cheers for Young Wild West, and that capped the climax.

It was settled that the man was to be set free.

He was brought out of the lock-up and told what the decision was.

"Thank you!" he exclaimed, looking at Young Wild West. "I should like to meet you at the outskirts of the town."

"You will be accommodated," replied our hero. "Jack, go and get my horse, will you?"

"You bet!" and away went Robedee on a run.

By the time Dandy Don and his sister were mounted and ready to start, Jack came back with the sorrel.

The villain had been given his weapons, and he examined them carefully before putting them in his belt.

Every one knew what was coming now.

"The poor fool," said Jack, turning to Cheyenne Charlie, who had come up in time to learn what was up.

"Yes, that's what I should say. He might have a chance with any of the rest of us, but not with Wild." The scout shook his head when he said this.

He knew what Wild could do.

Somebody shot off a pistol, which was the signal for Dandy Don and his sister to make themselves scarce, and they started, followed quickly by Young Wild West.

Those who had horses set out after them, and those who had none there ran to get them.

Wild was keeping a sharp eye on his man as he rode on behind him.

"I will tell you when I am ready," said Dandy Don, as they neared the outskirts.

"All right. I will leave that to you. I am ready any time you are."

About a minute later, the handsome villain said:

"Wait till my sister gets to that tree and halts, and then you begin as soon as you like."

Dandy Don wheeled his horse around at a distance of perhaps ten yards.

Both could see the woman and the tree she was making for.

Their hands now slid to their revolvers.

The next instant Faro Fan halted at the tree.

Up went two revolvers, but only one report rang out!

Dandy Don reeled in the saddle and then dropped head first to the ground.

Young Wild West had proved himself the quickest again.

But this time his bullet had hit the man in the center of

the forehead. He glanced at his watch. It was five minutes to seven!

Faro Fan rode back, and leaping from the saddle, burst into tears.

"Can I come back and stay in Weston?" she asked pleadingly. "Bowery Bill asked me to marry him last night, and I refused. I am now willing to take him, as my best friend is dead. Can I come back, Mr. Wild West?"

"As far as I am concerned, you can," was the reply of our hero. "You shouldn't bear me any grudge for shooting your brother, though. He brought it all on himself."

"I know he did. It was all his own fault."

At this juncture Bowery Bill rode up on a borrowed horse, and as soon as she saw him Faro Fan ran over to him, exclaiming:

"Bill, poor Don has passed in his chips! I will marry you now, if you want me."

"All right, Fan, if ther residents of Weston don't object. I'll go an' hunt up ther minister at once."

"Don't get the one who was in your house last night," spoke up Rex Moore, the tenderfoot, tearing up the paper Dandy Don had forced him to sign and scattering the bits to the wind. "When you are done with the minister you can send him over to Young Wild West's house. Miss Alice Dare has agreed to marry me, and we may as well have it over with now!"

This was quite a surprise to Young Wild West and the rest.

But surprises were common things in the town of Weston, as the reader knows.

THE END.

Read "YOUNG WILD WEST'S TRIUMPH; OR, WINNING AGAINST GREAT ODDS," which will be in the next number (13) of "Young Wild West Weekly."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

"HAPPY DAYS."

The Best Illustrated Weekly Story Paper Published.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper containing Interesting Stories, Poems, Sketches, Comic Stories, Jokes, Answers to Correspondents, and many other bright features. Its Authors and Artists have a national reputation. No amount of money is spared to make this weekly the best published.

A New Story Begins Every Week in "Happy Days."

OUT TO-DAY!

OUT TO-DAY!

THE BOY RANCHER

AND

How He Held His Own,

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Begins in No. 432 of "HAPPY DAYS," Issued January 9th.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

For Sale by all Newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on the receipt of price by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By HARRY MOORE.

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

LATEST ISSUES:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 27 The Liberty Boys' Good Spy Work; or, With the Redcoats in Philadelphia. | 70 The Liberty Boys' Decoy; or, Baiting the British. |
| 28 The Liberty Boys' Battle Cry; or, With Washington at the Brandywine. | 71 The Liberty Boys Lured; or, The Snare the Enemy Set. |
| 29 The Liberty Boys' Wild Ride; or, A Dash to Save a Fort. | 72 The Liberty Boys' Ransom; or, In the Hands of the Tory Outlaws. |
| 30 The Liberty Boys in a Fix; or, Threatened by Reds and Whites. | 73 The Liberty Boys as Sleuth-Hounds; or, Trailing Benedict Arnold. |
| 31 The Liberty Boys' Big Contract; or, Holding Arnold in Check. | 74 The Liberty Boys "Swoop"; or, Scattering the Redcoats Like Chaff. |
| 32 The Liberty Boys Shadowed; or, After Dick Slater for Revenge. | 75 The Liberty Boys' "Hot Time"; or, Lively Work in Old Virginia. |
| 33 The Liberty Boys Duped; or, The Friend Who Was an Enemy. | 76 The Liberty Boys' Daring Scheme; or, Their Plot to Capture the King's Son. |
| 34 The Liberty Boys' Fake Surrender; or, The Ruse That Succeeded. | 77 The Liberty Boys' Bold Move; or, Into the Enemy's Country. |
| 35 The Liberty Boys' Signal; or, "At the Clang of the Bell." | 78 The Liberty Boys' Beacon Light; or, The Signal on the Mountain. |
| 36 The Liberty Boys' Daring Work; or, Risking Life for Liberty's Cause. | 79 The Liberty Boys' Honor; or, The Promise That Was Kept. |
| 37 The Liberty Boys' Prize, and How They Won It. | 80 The Liberty Boys' "Ten Strike"; or, Bowling the British Over. |
| 38 The Liberty Boys' Plot; or, The Plan That Won. | 81 The Liberty Boys' Gratitude, and How they Showed It. |
| 39 The Liberty Boys' Great Haul; or, Taking Everything in Sight. | 82 The Liberty Boys and the Georgia Giant; or, A Hard Man to Handle. |
| 40 The Liberty Boys' Flush Times; or, Reveling in British Gold. | 83 The Liberty Boys' Dead Line; or, "Cross it if You Dare!" |
| 41 The Liberty Boys in a Snare; or, Almost Trapped. | 84 The Liberty Boys "Hoo-Doed"; or, Trouble at Every Turn. |
| 42 The Liberty Boys' Brave Rescue; or, In the Nick of Time. | 85 The Liberty Boys' Leap for Life; or, The Light that Led Them. |
| 43 The Liberty Boys' Big Day; or, Doing Business by Wholesale. | 86 The Liberty Boys' Indian Friend; or, The Redskin who Fought for Independence. |
| 44 The Liberty Boys' Net; or, Catching the Redcoats and Tories. | 87 The Liberty Boys "Going it Blind"; or, Taking Big Chances. |
| 45 The Liberty Boys' Worried; or, The Disappearance of Dick Slater. | 88 The Liberty Boys' Black Band; or, Bumping the British Hard. |
| 46 The Liberty Boys' Iron Grip; or, Squeezing the Redcoats. | 89 The Liberty Boys' "Hurry Call"; or, A Wild Dash to Save a Friend. |
| 47 The Liberty Boys' Success; or, Doing What They Set Out to Do. | 90 The Liberty Boys' Guardian Angel; or, The Beautiful Maid of the Mountain. |
| 48 The Liberty Boys' Setback; or, Defeated, But Not Disgraced. | 91 The Liberty Boys' Brave Stand; or, Set Back but Not Defeated. |
| 49 The Liberty Boys in Toryville; or, Dick Slater's Fearful Risk. | 92 The Liberty Boys "Treed"; or, Warm Work in the Tall Timber. |
| 50 The Liberty Boys Aroused; or, Striking Strong Blows for Liberty. | 93 The Liberty Boys' Dare; or, Backing the British Down. |
| 51 The Liberty Boys' Triumph; or, Beating the Redcoats at Their Own Game. | 94 The Liberty Boys' Best Blows; or, Beating the British at Bennington. |
| 52 The Liberty Boys' Scare; or, A Miss as Good as a Mile. | 95 The Liberty Boys in New Jersey; or, Boxing the Ears of the British Lion. |
| 53 The Liberty Boys' Danger; or, Foes on All Sides. | 96 The Liberty Boys' Daring; or, Not Afraid of Anything. |
| 54 The Liberty Boys' Flight; or, A Very Narrow Escape. | 97 The Liberty Boys' Long March; or, The Move that Puzzled the British. |
| 55 The Liberty Boys' Strategy; or, Out-Generalling the Enemy. | 98 The Liberty Boys' Bold Front; or, Hot Times on Harlem Heights. |
| 56 The Liberty Boys' Warm Work; or, Showing the Redcoats How to Fight. | 99 The Liberty Boys in New York; or, Helping to Hold the Great City. |
| 57 The Liberty Boys' "Push"; or, Bound to Get There. | 100 The Liberty Boys' Big Risk; or, Ready to Take Chances. |
| 58 The Liberty Boys' Desperate Charge; or, With "Mad Anthony" at Stony Point. | 101 The Liberty Boys' Drag-Net; or, Hauling the Redcoats In. |
| 59 The Liberty Boys' Justice, And How They Dealt It Out. | 102 The Liberty Boys' Lightning Work; or, Too Fast for the British. |
| 60 The Liberty Boys Bombarded; or, A Very Warm Time. | 103 The Liberty Boys' Lucky Blunder; or, The Mistake that Helped Them. |
| 61 The Liberty Boys' Sealed Orders; or, Going it Blind. | 104 The Liberty Boys' Shrewd Trick; or, Springing a Big Surprise. |
| 62 The Liberty Boys' Daring Stroke; or, With "Light-Horse Harry" at Paulus Hook. | 105 The Liberty Boys' Cunning; or, Outwitting the Enemy. |
| 63 The Liberty Boys' Lively Times; or, Here, There and Everywhere. | 106 The Liberty Boys' "Big Hit"; or, Knocking the Redcoats Out. |
| 64 The Liberty Boys' "Lone Hand"; or, Fighting Against Great Odds. | |
| 65 The Liberty Boys' Mascot; or, The Idol of the Company. | |
| 66 The Liberty Boys' Wrath; or, Going for the Redcoats Roughshod. | |
| 67 The Liberty Boys' Battle for Life; or, The Hardest Struggle of All. | |
| 68 The Liberty Boys' Lost; or, The Trap That Did Not Work. | |
| 69 The Liberty Boys' "Jonah"; or, The Youth Who "Queered" Everything. | |

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

WORK AND WIN

An Interesting Weekly for Young America.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, December 8, 1898, by Frank Toussy.

No. 214.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

FRED FEARNOT AND THE MINERS; OR, THE TROUBLE AT COPPERTOWN. *By HAL STANDISH.*



WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT.

READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

LATEST ISSUES:

113 Fred Fearnot and the Giant; or, A Hot Time in Cheyenne.
114 Fred Fearnot's Cool Nerve; or, Giving It Straight to the Boys.
115 Fred Fearnot's Way; or, Doing Up a Sharper.
116 Fred Fearnot in a Fix; or, The Blackmailer's Game.
117 Fred Fearnot as a "Broncho Buster;" or, A Great Time in the Wild West.
118 Fred Fearnot and his Mascot; or, Evelyn's Fearless Ride.
119 Fred Fearnot's Strong Arm; or, The Bad Man of Arizona.
120 Fred Fearnot as a "Tenderfoot;" or, Having Fun with the Cow-boys.
121 Fred Fearnot Captured; or, In the Hands of His Enemies.
122 Fred Fearnot and the Banker; or, A Schemer's Trap to Ruin Him.
123 Fred Fearnot's Great Feat; or, Winning a Fortune on Skates.
124 Fred Fearnot's Iron Will; or, Standing Up for the Right.
125 Fred Fearnot Cornered; or, Evelyn and the Widow.
126 Fred Fearnot's Daring Scheme; or, Ten Days in an Insane Asylum.
127 Fred Fearnot's Honor; or, Backing Up His Word.
128 Fred Fearnot and the Lawyer; or, Young Billy Dedham's Case.
129 Fred Fearnot at West Point; or, Having Fun with the Hazers.
130 Fred Fearnot's Secret Society; or, The Knights of the Black Ring.
131 Fred Fearnot and the Gambler; or, The Trouble on the Lake Front.
132 Fred Fearnot's Challenge; or, King of the Diamond Field.
133 Fred Fearnot's Great Game; or, The Hard Work That Won.
134 Fred Fearnot in Atlanta; or, The Black Fiend of Darktown.
135 Fred Fearnot's Open Hand; or, How He Helped a Friend.
136 Fred Fearnot in Debate; or, The Warmest Member of the House.
137 Fred Fearnot's Great Plea; or, His Defence of the "Moneyless Man."
138 Fred Fearnot at Princeton; or, The Battle of the Champions.
139 Fred Fearnot's Circus; or, High Old Time at New Era.
140 Fred Fearnot's Camp Hunt; or, The White Deer of the Adirondacks.
141 Fred Fearnot and His Guide; or, The Mystery of the Mountain.
142 Fred Fearnot's County Fair; or, The Battle of the Fakirs.
143 Fred Fearnot a Prisoner; or, Captured at Avon.
144 Fred Fearnot and the Senator; or, Breaking up a Scheme.
145 Fred Fearnot and the Baron; or, Calling Down a Nobleman.
146 Fred Fearnot and the Brokers; or, Ten Days in Wall Street.
147 Fred Fearnot's Little Scrap; or, The Fellow Who Wouldn't Stay Whipped.
148 Fred Fearnot's Greatest Danger; or, Ten Days with the Moon-shiners.
149 Fred Fearnot and the Kidnappers; or, Trailing a Stolen Child.
150 Fred Fearnot's Quick Work; or, The Hold Up at Eagle Pass.
151 Fred Fearnot at Silver Gulch; or, Defying a Ring.
152 Fred Fearnot on the Border; or, Punishing the Mexican Horse Stealers.
153 Fred Fearnot's Charmed Life; or, Running the Gauntlet.
154 Fred Fearnot Lost; or, Missing for Thirty Days.
155 Fred Fearnot's Rescue; or, The Mexican Pocahontas.
156 Fred Fearnot and the "White Caps"; or, A Queer Turning of the Tables.
157 Fred Fearnot and the Medium; or, Having Fun with the "Spirits."
158 Fred Fearnot and the "Mean Man"; or, The Worst He Ever Struck.
159 Fred Fearnot's Gratitude; or, Backing Up a Plucky Boy.
160 Fred Fearnot Fined; or, The Judge's Mistake.
161 Fred Fearnot's Comic Opera; or, The Fun that Raised the Funds.
162 Fred Fearnot and the Anarchists; or, The Burning of the Red Flag.
163 Fred Fearnot's Lecture Tour; or, Going it Alone.
164 Fred Fearnot's "New Wild West"; or, Astonishing the Old East.

165 Fred Fearnot in Russia; or, Banished by the Czar.
166 Fred Fearnot in Turkey; or, Defying the Sultan.
167 Fred Fearnot in Vienna; or, The Trouble on the Danube.
168 Fred Fearnot and the Kaiser; or, In the Royal Palace at Berlin.
169 Fred Fearnot in Ireland; or, Watched by the Constabulary.
170 Fred Fearnot Homeward Bound; or, Shadowed by Scotland Yard.
171 Fred Fearnot's Justice; or, The Champion of the School Marm.
172 Fred Fearnot and the Gypsies; or, The Mystery of a Stolen Child.
173 Fred Fearnot's Silent Hunt; or, Catching the "Green Goods" Men.
174 Fred Fearnot's Big Day; or, Harvard and Yale at New Era.
175 Fred Fearnot and "The Doctor"; or, The Indian Medicine Fakir.
176 Fred Fearnot and the Lynchers; or, Saving a Girl Horse Thief.
177 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Feat; or, The Taming of Black Beauty.
178 Fred Fearnot's Great Struggle; or, Downing a Senator.
179 Fred Fearnot's Jubilee; or, New Era's Greatest Day.
180 Fred Fearnot and Samson; or, "Who Runs This Town?"
181 Fred Fearnot and the Rioters; or, Backing Up the Sheriff.
182 Fred Fearnot and the Stage Robber; or, His Chase for a Stolen Diamond.
183 Fred Fearnot at Cripple Creek; or, The Masked Fiends of the Mines.
184 Fred Fearnot and the Vigilantes; or, Up Against the Wrong Man.
185 Fred Fearnot in New Mexico; or, Saved by Terry Olcott.
186 Fred Fearnot in Arkansas; or, The Queerest of All Adventures.
187 Fred Fearnot in Montana; or, The Dispute at Rocky Hill.
188 Fred Fearnot and the Mayor; or, The Trouble at Snapping Shoals.
189 Fred Fearnot's Big Hunt; or, Camping on the Columbia River.
190 Fred Fearnot's Hard Experience; or, Roughing it at Red Gulch.
191 Fred Fearnot Stranded; or, How Terry Olcott Lost the Money.
192 Fred Fearnot in the Mountains; or, Held at Bay by Bandits.
193 Fred Fearnot's Terrible Risk; or, Terry Olcott's Reckless Venture.
194 Fred Fearnot's Last Card; or, The Game that Saved His Life.
195 Fred Fearnot and the Professor; or, The Man Who Knew it All.
196 Fred Fearnot's Big Scoop; or, Beating a Thousand Rivals.
197 Fred Fearnot and the Raiders; or, Fighting for His Belt.
198 Fred Fearnot's Great Risk; or, One Chance in a Thousand.
199 Fred Fearnot as a Sleuth; or, Running Down a Slick Villain.
200 Fred Fearnot's New Deal; or, Working for a Banker.
201 Fred Fearnot in Dakota; or, The Little Combination Ranch.
202 Fred Fearnot and the Road Agents; or, Terry Olcott's Cool Nerve.
203 Fred Fearnot and the Amazon; or, The Wild Woman of the Plains.
204 Fred Fearnot's Training School; or, How to Make a Living.
205 Fred Fearnot and the Stranger; or, The Long Man who was Short.
206 Fred Fearnot and the Old Trapper; or, Searching for a Lost Cavern.
207 Fred Fearnot in Colorado; or, Running a Sheep Ranch.
208 Fred Fearnot at the Ball; or, The Girl in the Green Mask.
209 Fred Fearnot and the Duellist; or, The Man Who Wanted to Fight.
210 Fred Fearnot on the Stump; or, Backing an Old Veteran.
211 Fred Fearnot's New Trouble; or, Up Against a Monopoly.
212 Fred Fearnot as Marshal; or, Commanding the Peace.
213 Fred Fearnot and "Wally"; or, The Good Natured Bully of Badger.
214 Fred Fearnot and the Miners; or, The Trouble At Coppertown.
215 Fred Fearnot and the "Blind Tigers"; or, More Ways Than One.
216 Fred Fearnot and the Hindoo; or, The Wonderful Juggler at Coppertown.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS.

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Complete Stories of Western Life.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ IT.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER BOUND IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published.

Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 YOUNG WILD WEST, THE PRINCE OF THE SADDLE. | 7 YOUNG WILD WEST'S SURPRISE; or, The Indian Chief's Legacy. |
| 2 YOUNG WILD WEST'S LUCK; or, Striking it Rich at the Hills. | 8 YOUNG WILD WEST MISSING; or, Saved by an Indian Princess. |
| 3 YOUNG WILD WEST'S VICTORY; or, The Road Agent's Last Hold up. | 9 YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE DETECTIVE; or, The Red Riders of the Range. |
| 4 YOUNG WILD WEST'S PLUCK; or, Bound to beat the Bad Men. | 10 YOUNG WILD WEST AT THE STAKE; or, The Jealousy of Arietta. |
| 5 YOUNG WILD WEST'S BEST SHOT; or, The Rescue of Arietta. | 11 YOUNG WILD WEST'S NERVE; or, The Nine Golden Bullets. |
| 6 YOUNG WILD WEST AT DEVIL CREEK; or, Helping to Boom a New Town. | 12 YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE TENDERFOOT; or, A New Yorker in the West. |

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY. BY

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of hardkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drow.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Complete Stories of Western Life.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ IT.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER BOUND IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published.

Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 YOUNG WILD WEST, THE PRINCE OF THE SADDLE. | 7 YOUNG WILD WEST'S SURPRISE; or, The Indian Chief's Legacy. |
| 2 YOUNG WILD WEST'S LUCK; or, Striking it Rich at the Hills. | 8 YOUNG WILD WEST MISSING; or, Saved by an Indian Princess. |
| 3 YOUNG WILD WEST'S VICTORY; or, The Road Agent's Last Hold up. | 9 YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE DETECTIVE; or, The Red Riders of the Range. |
| 4 YOUNG WILD WEST'S PLUCK; or, Bound to beat the Bad Men. | 10 YOUNG WILD WEST AT THE STAKE; or, The Jealousy of Arietta. |
| 5 YOUNG WILD WEST'S BEST SHOT; or, The Rescue of Arietta. | 11 YOUNG WILD WEST'S NERVE; or, The Nine Golden Bullets. |
| 6 YOUNG WILD WEST AT DEVIL CREEK; or, Helping to Boom a New Town. | 12 YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE TENDERFOOT; or, A New Yorker in the West. |

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY. BY

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....
Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....